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## THE ANGEL AND THE INFANT.

BY THEODORE MARTIN.

An angel over a cradle stood;
His visage shone with a radiant gleam;
And he seem'd on his own fair form to brood
In the mirror pure of a crystal stream.

"Oh, come to my home, sweet babe so fair!"
He murmur'd; "come, oome with me now!
Ah, we shall be happy together there;
The earth is unworthy of such as thou.

"Its gladness is never without alloy;
Some pang from its best delights will rise;
A wail still flags through the shouts of joy,
And all its pleasures are tinged it with sighs

"Ov'er every feast is a fear of doom;
No sky so clear and serene, but may
Be blacken'd and riven with storm and gloom
Before the dawn of another day.

"On that pure brow shall the trouble pass
Of hopes deceived, and of haunting fears?
Shall those blest eyes be bedimm'd, alas!
By the bitter rain of regretful tears?

"No, no! dear babe, through the fields of space
Thou wilt fly with me to a better sphere;
God will not exact, in His boundless grace,
The days that else thou hadst linger'd here.

"No soil of sorrow, no taint of sin,
It seemed as if he had forgotten her, so
No stain shall e'er settle on thy robes shall long did he sit silent and abstracted; and, rest,
The smile that usher'd thy young life in unable to bear it longer, she suddenly ex-
Shall follow thee home to you region blest. claimed:

"On thy forehead no cloud shall a shadow fling,
Nor the darkness there of the grave fore cast;
Of so unspotted and pure a thing
The loveliest setting is still its last.

And, slowly unfolding his wings snow white,
The seraph rose, and aloft he fled
To the blest abodes of eternal light.
Alas! poor mother! Thy boy is dead!

## FETTERED, YET FREE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE," "ESTELLE'S ERROR," ETC.

### CHAPTER IX.

It was nearly twelve o'clock on the morning following his discovery that Sibyl Elton was a wife and not a widow, before Geoffrey Chetwynd could make up his mind to go to the cottage. Mrs. Elton met him at the gate. She started back at the sight of his pale face and sunken eyes, and the hot flush that had died her cheeks at his approach faded away.

"Are you ill?" she exclaimed, involuntarily, for she did not realise as yet that his love for her, of such recent growth, was strong enough to work such havoc as this in a few hours.

"No. I did not sleep last night," he answered quietly, "and my head aches in consequence. How is Cecil?"

He did not tell her that he had not lain down all night, that he had paced the cliffs till day broke and people moved about once more, and then had sought his room, to leave it again almost immediately, and after bathing his head and swallowing some fighting for strength to meet her calmly. The strength had come now, and his tone was so quiet and composed that she noticed nothing of this, conscious only of a sharp pang, to think that he should so soon have conquered his love.

"Rather fearful and feverish," she said, sadly. "He has asked so many times for you that I was just going to send for you. If you were not in sight. He is delighted with his book."

"Poor little fellow. I will go to him," and he glanced up at the window of the child's room.

Geoffrey looked at him through her gathering tears. She thought he was angry with her for the deceit she had practised upon him; her woman's mind could not comprehend that as yet there could be no middle course for him—that he either must be held cruelly tight until his feelings were calmed down by time.

"I am going out now," she said, in a timid tone new to her, "to get some fruit for Cecil—and I think I had better, perhaps, in case people should talk."

"I shall not," he answered, quietly, without looking at her, and she went on hurriedly, with flaming cheeks.

"But I have not finished. I have to say I want to tell you everything—only I cannot do it here. When Cecil falls asleep this afternoon I will come to the place in the rocks where we generally sit. Nobody will interrupt us there. Will you meet me?"

"Yes," he answered, in the same quiet tone, though his heart gave a fierce bound at the proposal, and then he went on into the house and read fairy stories to Cecil for an hour, whilst Sibyl, with fast falling tears, walked slowly towards the farm house, thinking bitterly:

"Already he has changed, and despises. perhaps hates me. Will he think more kindly of me when he has heard all? Surely he must, for it has been no fault of mine, but how hard it will be to tell him while he looks at me so coldly! Oh, why has all this misery come to me? What have I done to deserve such a wretched lot as mine is?"

Geoffrey was gone when she came back with the fruit, and Cecil was looking brighter than she had hoped to see him for many days.

"Mamma, Mr. Geoffrey does read so nicely," he exclaimed—"nicer than you, even, and he read such jolly stories about dogs with eyes as big as saucers and even mill-wheels, and a poor little lark that was caught and put into a cage and had a daisy to talk to, and lots of things. Isn't he the kindest man you ever knew, mamma? Don't I just love him. He says he can't come again this afternoon, but he'll come if he possibly can this evening, and certainly to-morrow. I wish he lived with us—don't you, mamma?"

By way of answer Sibyl stooped and kissed the child. She did not dare to answer his question, even to herself. Geoffrey was waiting for her when she reached the nook in the cliffs, looking as pale and grave as he had looked in the morning.

"I began to think I should not be here," she said, nervously, as he stood up at her approach and then sat down further off. "Cecil was so restless and in such pain that he could not get to sleep; but Dr. Bell came, and gave him a composing draught, and now he will sleep for two hours."

"I hope I did not over excite him," Geoffrey returned; and she replied hurriedly:

"Oh, no. It was the pain!" And then both were silent.

Geoffrey, leaning his head upon his hand, his elbow supported by a ledge of rock, thought thoughtfully out over the glittering, dancing sea; and Sibyl, folding and plaiting her holland dress, felt that she could not speak while he sat and looked like that. It seemed as if he had forgotten her, so long did he sit silent and abstracted; and, unable to bear it longer, she suddenly exclaimed:

"Shall I go? Do you not care to hear what I came to tell you? Do you not think everything that is hard and unkind of me? If so, I will hold my tongue. I will offer no excuse for the reserve—deceit, if you will—that has caused you pain. I will do that, hard as it will be, if it will make it easier for you."

"No. I want to hear everything," he said, still looking away. "I am sure I shall hear no ill—nothing to make me blame you; and, as to your keeping the fact of your being a wife and not a widow a secret, I do not say that you are wrong in that. There may be reasons to render it advisable, but I cannot think how it was you did not see what was happening—what must happen if I was so constantly with you. It would have been kinder to warn me sooner." His voice shook a little here as he ended, but did not shake as he concluded.

"I was blind; I never took notice, never thought of such a thing," she answered, almost in a whisper, whilst the great hot tears fell quietly on to her hands. "but I have not had much experience in love, and you did not show yours plainly."

He did not answer, but looking out still into the golden mist, he felt recollect what proofs of his love he had ever given her. There were none except the haunting of her footsteps every day, except the little gifts of flowers and fruit, music and books, all of which he knew had been offered in a careless manner, lest she might take alarm and read his secret. No, she was right; he had not shown his love plainly. He had no right to blame her for not having seen it. Still, if he had but known all, he might have gone away and left her, before he had learnt to love her so irretrievably.

"I cannot speak to you while you look and speak like that!" she cried, and who, hearing the passionate, quivering voice, would have believed that it was the woman who scarcely three weeks before, had sat in that very spot, a very Hermoine of stone, all fervor and excitement so far from her? "Do you hate me already?"

"Hate you!" he repeated slowly, casting one long, reproachful look at her. "How can you ask me such a cruel question? You would not have me, knowing you to be the wife of another man, repeat what I told you last night, and I can take no mid dle course."

"No, you are right," she said, sadly. "I will try to forget how you look and speak, and tell you my story as I would tell it to Dr. Bell; and you shall judge for yourself how far I am to be blamed or pitied. My father was the chaplain at the Protestant church at ——, in the South of France, a little, retired village, where few English ever came, and a half a dozen residents comprised his whole parish. My mother died when I was a mere baby and and I lived a happy, neglected life that we did not seem to care for any one else in the world. One Summer a young Englishman named John Lawrell—do you know the name?" she broke off, as Geoffrey looked up quickly.

"I don't know. I was at school with a Jack Lawrell and nearly killed him, for we had a fight, and he fell against a door and cut his head open, half the length of it. He had a brother Bob, a horrid young scamp, who was expelled for stealing money from a boy's pocket one night.

Sibyl's eyes opened wide.

"That is the man. John Lawrell is my husband! I have seen the name, and read the story. Bob I never saw, he was abroad for some scrape he had got into. How strange that you should have known each other! Well, John Lawrell came to the village sketching, and made friends with my dear old father, and was at our house every day. He was a handsome man, and an attractive one, and we both liked him, little accustomed as we were to strangers. I was only seventeen, and my face took his fancy; he used to draw me in a different position or costume every day, and pleased my father by doing so. Then came the terrible day that wrecked my life. My father was brought home dying, stabbed in trying to part two men who were fighting. He could barely speak to wish me good by, and I was left alone—all alone in the world."

She paused and hid her face in her hands for some minutes, and then went on more steadily.

"John Lawrell was everything that was kind and good. I believe he really cared for me then, but I doubt whether he would have wished me to become his wife had he not heard, the day before from my poor father of a strange thing that had happened recently. My father owned three shops in a small street in the city of London, left him by his godfather, the three together bringing in about three hundred a year, or perhaps two hundred and fifty. The lawyer who managed those for him and sent him his rents, wrote to say that a railway company wanted to erect a large station on that spot, and that, after much worry and pertinacity, he had succeeded in extracting from them a sum that would bring us in, when properly invested, two thousand a year. The money was now mine—and a curse li proved; for, but for that, I do not believe that John Lawrell would have thought of making me his wife. Now, knowing me to possess the money, he came forward, and in the first burst of my grief and loneliness told me that he loved me, that he had asked and obtained my father's consent to our marriage, and implored me to become his wife. I was barely eighteen, I liked him, and knew nothing of love, so I consented, and three weeks later became his wife—but not until, fortunately for me, the lawyer had tied up my money tightly in a settlement about which he wrote me such an urgent letter that I was firm and refused to marry until it was signed. I was very wretched after my marriage, though at first John was very kind, and seemed fond of me; but I could not enter into the gayeties he loved, so he went out day after day, and night after night, and soon, very soon, I found he rarely came home sober. I had barely liked him before, now I shrank from him with horror, and he saw it, and disliked me. Then Cecil was born, and I made myself happy with him, but John seemed actually to hate the child. Sometimes I think he fancied, as I was so fond of him, he would die, and the money would all be his, but now that a son had come there was but little hope of his ever gaining possession of it. I may be wrong—at any rate I ought not to speak so—it is enough to tell you that our life together became more and more miserable, and he was hardly ever sober, and my life was often in danger, but I bore that till one day, in a fit of delirium tremens, he tried to kill the child. Then I made up my mind, and told him I should leave him. I agreed to let him have the remainder of the money if he would allow me five hundred a year and never come near me; and he was glad to be rid of me on such terms That was three years ago, and I have never seen him since. I dropped the name of Lawrell—Elton is really my second baptismal name—and, though I did not say I was a widow, I was glad to find that people here thought I was, little dreaming what the consequences would be. Now you know why I have so steadily refused to know Lady Temple or any one else. Do you blame me? Do you think they would care to know me if they had heard all I have told you?"

"Yes, I do," he answered, readily. "there is nothing deceitful in any of this you have done. Tell Lady Temple, and try."

"I cannot," she said, shaking her head sadly. "It is hard enough to tell even you, but I felt I owed it to you, and would rather you knew. Now what are you going to do?"

"Stay here," he answered. "I cannot leave Cecil until he is better, but you may trust me never to annoy you by word or look. We need not see much of each other. You can go out when I am with him, or stay down stairs. I want to be your friend, Sibyl, that you may feel perfectly lonely again. Some day you may need me. At any rate it will be a comfort to you to know that you have one to whom you can turn if you ever want help or advice. Will you accept me as a friend?"

He held out his hand and she took it quickly.

"So gladly—oh, so gladly!"

And the beautiful, weary eyes were raised to his with a look that sent a shiver through his frame, it was so full of unconscious love, and made him clasp with all the little fingers tightly in his. For one moment he hesitated, and then he bent his head and pressed a gentle, lingering kiss on her cheek.

Good by, love," he whispered in a voice that sank deep into her heart.

And then, as the color deepened in her cheeks, she did not draw back. Her eyes filled with tears, though a half-smile was on her lips as she shook her head.

"No. no more. I will learn to love another some day," she told him, softly; "but I am so very glad we are to be friends. You will be such a comfort to me."

Then she went away and left him and he sat there trying not to see how he was thrusting himself and everything to do with whether there could be any real sin in his staying near her. But he would not listen to the answer stern conscience gave.

### CHAPTER X.

October—bright, cold, and windy, yellow leaves flying about the paths of the quiet Temple Gardens; chrysanthemums in full glory of red, white, and yellow in the borders; children playing in the grounds from which they had been excluded all the Summer, and Geoffrey Chetwynd, pale, and listless, sitting in the deep window seat of his chambers in Paper Buildings, idly watching the steamers pass up and down the river. A law book lay open on his knee, but he had forgotten it was there, for his thoughts had flown, as they far too often did, to the little cottage at Sandbeach, and he was wondering what Sibyl was doing, and whether she longed for the old happy days together as he did. He had stayed on there till Cecil was about again, though feeble and delicate, but never once had he said one word that could offend Sibyl, or for which he could blame himself; it had been happiness to linger near her, though hard very hard, to part from her without speaking one word of love. He had given her his address, and she had promised to write to him if she were in any trouble, or if she left Sandbeach. That was six weeks ago now and no line had come from her, though he had hoped that any slight ailment of hers or Cecil's would have proved sufficient excuse to make her begin a correspondence that would have been his only pleasure in life. He had been asked by several friends to go to them for the shoot ing—Sir Henry Temple among the number; but he found that his only chance of forgetting lay in hard work, so he had remained in his chambers only to find Sibyl's lovely face between him and his dry books, and her sweet, low voice for ever in his ears in the silence that reigned around.

"I can't stand this any longer," he muttered, at last, shutting up the book and tossing it on to a table. "I shall go mad shortly mad! What device of the arch enemy ever led me to Sandbeach? Would to Heaven I had never seen her!"

He rose and stretched himself, and started as a knock sounded at the door.

"What an idiot I am growing! Come in." And his servant appeared with two letters on a silver.

Geoffrey glanced at them hurriedly. The "C" betrayed one as a tradesman's guinea; on the other he recognized Lady Temple's hand writing, and tore it open first.

"DEAR MR. CHETWYND: Do you remember the lovely Mrs. Elton who lived at Sandbeach, in whom you took so much interest? Yesterday, as I was driving my pair of high bred ponies by the side of the road, about half a mile from our gates, with her little boy in her lap, and, on getting out, I found that the poor child had fainted, having just recovered from a bad accident. I thought them here, and the poor little fellow is in bed to-day, too weak to move, and keeps crying for you. His mother says you have shown him so much kindness that the child is quite devoted to you. Poor thing, she has told me her sad story. She is not a widow—her husband is still alive, but such a bad man that she cannot live with him. I shall try to keep them here for some time, and little Cecil and Harry are becoming great friends, but the child really frets for you, and, if you can spare time, it would be a real kindness to run down here for a week or two. Harry was very much vexed at your refusing to come for some shooting as usual. Captain Lee has left us broken hearted, and Milly Dayrell is engaged to Mr. Digby I begin to fear Eva is too great a flirt to marry May we hope to see you in a day or two? It would give us great pleasure. With kind regards, believe me very truly yours,

"ISABELLA TEMPLE.

With a short laugh Geoffrey laid down the letter.

"Was ever a man so beset by temptation?" he said, half aloud. "What am I to do? It seems cruel not to go to the poor child when he is ill and fretting after me, and certainly I do not love Sybil less for being away from her—more, if it be possible. Perhaps seeing her with others and recognizing that a married woman may be the best thing for me, besides, I shall be out shooting all day—and this life is simply killing me. At any rate I can come away at any time I like. So urged he as a man will ever argue that the way his inclinations lead him is the right way, and sitting down, he wrote:

"DEAR LADY TEMPLE. Your letter arrived at a lucky moment, when the dreariness of my present life had reached the climax. I am pining for some shooting and society, and shall be with you to morrow. So sorry to hear my little friend Cecil is ill again, but glad he has made an excuse for your knowing more of his lonely mother. I knew her husband was alive, he was at school with me. Yours ever

"GEOFFREY CHETWYND."

The last part was said as a blind Neither Lady Temple nor any one else would suspect him of falling in love with Mrs. Elton if he said he knew she was a married woman, and it was not necessary to say how long he had known it. The paragraph about Captain Lee vexed him more than a little, for he feared that Eva was engaged to him, and not likely in consequence to prove troublesome. He rather dreaded her sharp eyes and cares if she were still at Newland Abbey, but it would be good training for him. He did not know whether to be glad or sorry to look even to Sybil, and he thought he could keep his resolution.

It was getting dark on the following day when he reached the station nearest to Sandbeach, where the dog cart awaited him. He felt in such high spirits that he could hardly help shaking hands with the groom, and tried to work them off by entering into a lively conversation on the respective merits of the Abbey horses They were nearing the gate, when his heart gave a fierce bound at the sight of a tall slight figure walking along the lane just in front of them

"Pull up, Graves," he exclaimed carelessly. "I think this is Mrs. Elton, and I'll walk home with her. All right—drive on."

Then as the dog-cart drove past her she looked up at it and turned round

"This is a lucky chance," Geoffrey said, trying to speak quietly, as he took her hand in his. "I was dreading meeting you among them all, especially before the sharp eyes of Miss Eva Dayrell."

"I was no chance," she returned, smiling up at him as they walked on. "I came to meet you for the same reason. Miss Dayrell has put so many questions to me, and so many pointed remarks about you and our great friendship, that I preferred meeting you away from her keen scrutiny I think you have been flirting with her, Mr Chetwynd."

"Not that I know of," he answered laughing. "But why do you call me 'Mr Chetwynd?' There is no harm in your calling me 'Geoffrey' when we are alone together—and I should like it so much."

She shook her head and her face clouded

"I would rather not. Besides, it would be foolish. I might be overheard, or I might let the name slip out by accident when others are present."

"You are right and I am wrong," he answered shortly. And then they walked on in silence for some minutes. "I am so sorry to hear of poor Cecil's illness," he said, presently. "I came more for his sake than for the shooting, in reality What a faithful little heart it is!"

"It is so kind of you," she exclaimed eagerly "His love for you is so very great—at times I am almost jealous. I am very anxious about him sometimes; he is still so weak."

"He will get stronger as the Winter comes on At any rate I am glad you have become a friend of Lady Temple's. You see I was right about her"

"You were indeed! Oh, she is such a sweet, kind woman I cannot tell you how kind. And Sir Henry is hardly less so. I have never met with such goodness before."

"Thank you," he said shortly.

"Oh, you are so different," she answered, laughing gayly

Then they were at the hall door. In the hall they were met by Eva Dayrell, who flushed crimson as her eyes fell upon them.

"How do you do, Mr Chetwynd? You are earlier than we expected you," she said coldly. "How kind of Mrs. Elton to come and meet you."

Not very, considering that Mr Chetwynd has come chiefly to honor my little son," replied Mrs. Elton, very quietly, though her color deepened "Mr Chetwynd, as soon as you have seen Sir Henry and Lady Temple, will you come up to Cecil? He will be wild to see you."

"Directly," said Geoffrey, and then he followed Eva into the library where Lady Temple sat

She greeted him as kindly and pleasantly as usual, and after a few moments' conversation he left the room to go and see Cecil Eva Dayrell stood by the fire, her face flushed, and her eyes glittering. As the door closed behind Geoffrey, she turned round exclaiming, angrily

"Really Adelaide, I think you are too charitable. You believe in everybody. I am sure this Mrs. Elton is a sly, scheming widow She is doing her very best to catch Mr Chetwynd, and I am surprised to find he is as great a simpleton as most men are when a pretty face is concerned. She has actually been to meet him, and came walking in with him just now in the most bare faced manner. Of all things I hate a scheming widow"

"Indeed, Eva, you are mistaken," Lady Temple said, gently. "Poor Mrs. Elton is not a widow at all. Her husband is alive, and Mr Chetwynd knows him. He has been very kind to her and her child, but it is out of the goodness of his heart, for he knows her to be a married woman."

Eva Dayrell drew a long breath, and stood silent for some minutes, try to realize the actual state of the case. It was delightful to her to hear that at any rate he could not marry this woman, but a secret conviction still lurked in her heart that there was more than mere kindness in Geoffrey's feelings for her, and she meant to watch them still

From time to time Lady Temple glanced at Eva's sullen face before her, and her woman's instinct told her a great deal that was passing in her friend's mind. She knew now why Eva had refused Captain Lee, and she felt sure that it was in vain that Geoffrey did not care for her, except as a mere friend.

Do not tease this, Eva," she said presently. "Mrs Elton told me in confidence because she would not stay in my house for an hour under false pretences. I tell you only that you may not misunderstand her."

"I do not think I misunderstand her," replied Eva, quietly. "Perhaps I am the contrary. I understand her better than she understands herself—and I think the less we see of Mr Chetwynd the better."

"Please do not say so," began Lady Temple but Eva stooped and kissed her.

"No. I will not say so, nor anything else to vex you; but you are fond of Mr Chetwynd's, and had better watch, for his sake, that you do not throw him too much in her way. Now we had better go and dress for dinner."

They went up stairs together, and paused for a moment at the open door of the dressing room appropriated to little Cecil's use Geoffrey was seated on a low chair, the child on his knee leaning against his shoulder, his little face upturned with a beaming look of happiness, whilst he drank in the story of some hunting adventure Mrs Elton was not in the room, and Lady Temple smiled at her companion as she noted the fact

"That does not look like seeking him very much," she said, and then, entering the room, she asked Cecil how he was.

"Almost quite well," answered the little fellow smiling. "It's so nice to have Mr Geoffrey here again I wish he had never gone away."

Geoffrey laughed to hide a sigh.

"I must go now, my little man, to dress for dinner," he said, gently putting the child on his feet. "Good night. Go to bed and get up quite well to-morrow."

He stooped and kissed the little pale face, and with a word to Lady Temple, left the room just as Sybil entered it; but though he stood aside to let her pass, he barely glanced at her and did not speak, and Eva felt more charitable. At any rate it was such a relief to know that she was a married woman—that not only was she beyond his reach, but that he must not love her, and therefore would not have come to the Abbey if her suspicions had been correct. And Geoffrey, as he slowly dressed for dinner, was telling himself that he had no right to be there, and must make an excuse to leave as soon as he could The sound of Sybil's voice, the sight of her lovely face gave such exquisite pain and pleasure that all his self deceit was over, and he knew he must not stay near her.

"It was an experiment," he muttered, as he left his room; "it has failed. Next week I'll be off to Egypt for the Winter, and perhaps go on to India—anywhere out of her reach At any rate it shall not be my fault if I go on loving another man's wife And while I stay here I'll never willingly speak a word to her, or touch her hand, except in common courtesy."

### CHAPTER XI.

When Geoffrey entered the breakfast room on the following morning he found Eva Dayrell standing by the blazing fire reading the Times. She looked up as he approached her, and threw the paper into an arm chair.

"What a wonderful doctor you are," she said, smiling. "Cecil is quite himself to-day—all because Mr Geoffrey has come, he says. He has got up to breakfast for the first time for a week."

"I am almost sorry to hear it," he answered coldly, "for I have made up my mind to go away again as soon as possible, and I should not like to think he was fretting after me."

Sybil's face fell.

"Going away again!" she echoed Why you have only just come! What will Sir Henry say?"

"I can't help it," he said gloomily "People may say and think what they like as long as they do not know the truth. It won't do, Sybil I must take stronger measures I shall go abroad next week, and not return till I can feel assured I have controlled my —self"

He changed the word quickly—for he was going to say "love"—as Eva Dayrell entered the room She glanced quickly from one to the other Mrs. Elton was looking thoughtfully into the fire, Geoffrey's face was cold and quiet enough to disarm all suspicion

"How cold it is!" she said, shaking hands with them, and taking up the paper that Sybil had thrown down Mr Chetwynd, you in the room with the Times and not reading it—wonders will never cease"

"I have not been in the room more than two minutes," he answered, "and I could scarcely read when alone with a lady. Is there any news?"

"I don't know what part you like best," she answered, glancing up at him with a laugh "Money article, foreign intelligence, or crime and horrors, like the ladies" Here is a paragraph headed 'Shocking Occurrence' I always read those. A gentleman in a fit of delirium tremens jumped out of a third story window in the Palace Hotel—good riddance I should say Mr John Lawrell, aged thirty-two"

"Good Heavens!" ejaculated Geoffrey starting as if he had been shot "Is he killed?"

Sybil, without a word or sound, took the paper from astonished Eva Dayrell and glanced at the paragraph, then with a deathly white face she hurriedly left the room

"What does this mean" Yes, he was killed of course, answered Eva, shortly

Is he a mutual friend? You and Mrs Elton seem to understand more than I do."

Geoffrey was thankful that the entrance of two or three of the party saved him from answering. His brain was whirling, and he could not have spoken steadily. Until he was alone he dared not let himself think of all that the news meant for him

I am so sorry," said Lady Temple, entering last and greeting them all. "Mrs Elton is not well, and has gone back to her room. I must send her a cup of tea up there. She looks as white as death

"I am afraid I was the unconscious cause of her illness, remarked Eva Dayrell, carelessly I read out the death of some tipsy man who threw himself out of a window, and he appears to have been a friend or relative of hers Mr Chetwynd knows more about it than I do."

Lady Temple glanced quickly at Geoffrey and something in his eyes looked the question that was rising to her lips

I shall beat it presently from Mrs. Elton herself," she said, quickly Henry where are you going to shoot to-day? Shall we come and have luncheon with you? It will be nice, as the day is so fine

"By all means," answered her husband We are going to shoot Cooper's Wood, and we can lunch in the Temple of Bevan. If it will not be too draughty for you to dine.

The conversation was turned, and Lady

Temple took care that it should not flag again, but it did not escape Eva's watchful eyes that Geoffrey did not rest, and that he talked with the air of a man who hardly knew what he was saying. She longed for an opportunity of questioning him, understanding her friend too well to dare to do so in Lady Temple's presence. But the Peace were ajar at last, and as soon as Geoffrey rose from the table, his hostess followed him, and, drawing him into the library, closed the door behind her.

"Tell me, Mr. Chetwynd," said she, hurriedly, "is this her husband who has been killed?"

"I think it is, Lady Temple. The name and age are the same, and it was not an unlikely thing to happen to him. Will you go to bed? It must be a terrible shock to her, little as she cared for him, and say, please, that if I can do anything I shall be only too glad."

"Yes. I must go to her now, poor thing. I am so glad she was here, and not alone at home. I will tell her what you say."

She went up stairs, and Geoffrey waited about impatiently in hope of being summoned. If it was true, if Sibyl was really a widow, there was no need for further pretense; he might love her and show his love. Eva Darrell passed through the hall as he paced up and down.

Are you going with the other gentlemen, Mr. Chetwynd?" she asked. "You hardly look ready to start, without gaiters or cane."

"I do not think I shall shoot to-day," he answered quickly. "I may join them later on, but it must depend on—circumstances."

"I understand," she rejoined, with a slight sneer. "You might as well have said on Mrs. Elton, boldly."

"Since you understand so well, there was no need for me to speak more plainly," he answered, carelessly. "If I can be of any assistance to Mrs. Elton, I shall not go out shooting to-day, most certainly."

A light flashed upon Eva which made her heart stand still.

"Tell me, Mr. Chetwynd," she asked, sharply—"was that Mrs. Elton's husband whose death I read out in the paper this morning?"

"I do not know, but I believe it was, and so does she," he answered.

Eva turned, and without a word walked away out into the keen October wind. Without hat or shawl she passed through the library window, careless of everything, for she knew now that all hope was over—that Geoffrey Chetwynd, the only man she had ever loved, or could ever love, would never return it. She hurried on down the garden walk to a distant Summer house to which nobody ever went, and there, hour after hour, she sat and fought out her sorrowful fight, and faced the dreary future. The luncheon bell startled her, she had sat there three whole hours, and at first her chilled, numbed limbs almost refused to carry her. She was thankful that no body met her before she reached her room, for the white, weary face she saw in the glass startled her, and would have caused questions she was anxious to avoid. Bathing her face with hot water till her cheeks were bright crimson, she ran down stairs to the dining room, where her sister Milly and Lady Temple sat alone.

"Where have you been hiding all the morning, Eva?" asked the former, looking up. "Mrs. Elton wanted to wish you good by."

"I have been out. Has Mrs. Elton gone away then?"

"Yes, she has gone home," returned Lady Temple. "She is in great trouble, and preferred being at home."

"I know," answered Eva quietly. "Mr Chetwynd told me what has happened."

"Then I suppose you know he has gone back to London," said her sister, laughing. "He seems to tell you every thing."

"No, I did not know that. Is he coming back?"

"We do not know," answered Lady Temple, "but I should think he would be back in a day or two. He asked me to let him leave it open, so I shall keep his room ready for him, and hope to see him again. He is looking so ill that I shall be quite vexed if he does not return."

Eva did not answer—she shivered, and put down her knife and fork.

"I think I have caught cold," she said, presently. "I have been sitting down out of doors, and I am shivering from head to foot."

"How strange! Your face is quite flushed," said Milly. "You have eaten no food your luncheon. Eva, how could you be so silly?"

It was silly, perhaps," said Eva, absently. "I will go and fetch a shawl, and sit over the library fire till I get warm."

As she left the room Lady Temple looked after her anxiously. Two girls she had lost their mother, and their father had married again, and seemed to care very little for his daughters, now that he had a second family springing up. They had been "next door neighbors" in Queen's Gardens for many years, and now seemed to spend more and more half their lives with Lady Temple, and she felt as if she were the only real friend that they had in the world.

"I had better go and see after her," she said, putting down her little girl, who was sitting on her lap. "Milly, you take care of the children while I am gone."

She found Eva sitting, as she said she would, over the fire in the library, with a thick shawl around her, and yet shivering till her teeth chattered.

"Oh, Eva, how wrong of you!" she exclaimed. "Now you will have cold, and have caught a severe cold, and must go to bed directly. I shall send for Dr. Bell in the morning if you are not better."

Eva submitted quietly, feeling already too ill to care what became of her, besides, if Geoffrey were coming back, she would rather be out of his way.

"Oh, if I could only die, and be out of it all!" she thought, as she laid her aching head on the pillow; "for there is nobody in the whole world who would miss me for more than a month, except Tom Lee—poor old Tom, whom I have behaved so cruelly. Ah, I begin to realize now what he feels, and yet I do not think he can love me as I do Geoffrey—I hope not, poor Tom."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Novelist's Love.—Benjamin L. Farjeon, the author, who recently married Joe Jefferson's daughter, and is visiting America, sometimes gets amusingly wrought up in his books, and it is related that he fell in love with his heroine while he was engaged on "Joshua Marvel," and when she died, which became necessary in the finale of the story, as he finished the sentence he fainted away, and remained unconscious for an hour. When he awakened it was with the words, addressed to a brother beside him, "I loved her."

### WISTER'S HOPE.

The Autumn days are gone—all flown;
The yellow leaves from off the trees
Are shed, with sad and doleful moan,
Of whistling wind and mournful breeze.

The nut-brown maid beside her sad sway
Hangs sobbing on the neck of Autumn's death;
Her golden tresses fly about her dress,
Anguish is with their every breath.

But list ye lock around close unto me,
Suppose no tears to cheer our sight
As fall the dark clouds o'er the sky,
We dream not left without some light.

Yes, 'tis not so! E'en while we gaze,
Now, from you hill the red sun rise,
Illumining with his cheering rays
The earth that all so dark'ned lies.

And in deserted hedgerow spring
The bashful sweet berry, brave and bright;
While perched near the cheerful nest
His clear, sweet song with all his might.

Our life will come to Autumn hours,
And all may chill and dreary seem,
But even then we'll find some flowers,
And even then some joyous beam.

## Timothy Tripp's Craze.

To-day almost everyone has bric a brac. It is the thing to have bric a brac, and there are few houses in which, when in giving their orders to the firm into whose hands they confide the furnishing of their new home, is given an order for a quantity, which is afterwards left on the shelves and brackets unnoticed, save when dusted by the housemaid.

But the true lover and collector of bric a brac is not one of these people.

He loves every article of bric a brac that he sees with a love that passeth words, and when he may, is never tired of brushing, polishing, and caring for them.

He hates to see them neglected, and constitutes himself a sort of society of one for the prevention of cruelty to old brasses, ancient inlaid work, venerable majolica, and all the other articles that come under the head of bric a brac in an auctioneer's catalogue.

Most doting of collectors was Mr. Timothy Tripp.

There was nothing curious that he could allow himself to lose, if it might be purchased; and, though he had for his own use the interest of a large sum of money—on the principle his father had wisely tied up for him—he was always in difficulties, for not only have the articles he loved to collect no fixed price, but his peculiarities were so well known to all dealers that the moment they saw him enter everything valuable was put up at once.

Added to these peculiarities, Mr. Timothy Tripp was very bashful, and had never been able to speak to a lady without blushing.

Bearded, he spoke to very few people, his lawyer, Mr. Jaquin, being his only intimate friend, as well as counsellor and guide.

Why he liked Mr. Jaquin, Mr. Timothy Tripp could not have told you.

However, they were friends, and one day when Mr. Tripp took his umbrella, and went down to Mr. Jaquin's office for the express purpose of having dinner with him, and now and then Mr. Jaquin came gingerly into what he called Tripp's museum, and expressing great anguish of mind concerning the probability of breaking something before he went, consented to take tea with him.

On a certain day of March, therefore, Mr. Tripp, having donned his great coat and taken his umbrella, proceeded to Mr. Jaquin's office. He had a double motive. Not only did he desire to see his friend, but he wanted counsel about having bought an expensive curiosity which had left him entirely without ready money.

He, having reached his destination, ran upstairs, and received in answer to his inquiry, "Mr. Jaquin in?"

"No sir, but he will be soon."

"And I am going out too, sir," said the barber's clerk, "but if you'll make yourself comfortable, Mr. Jaquin will be pleased. Fire in the office—newspapers."

He pushed the door open, Mr. Tripp entered with a polite nod, and being left alone, took up the paper and turned to the auction sales. He was just getting interested when a voice startled him.

"Any ole clooesh to shell?"

Turning quickly, he saw an Oriental countenance, but the sight that gracious smile peculiar to an old clothes dealer, and the end of a large basket, from which protruded several staring gilt vases and Jerusalem glass toilet bottles.

"Any ole clooesh to shell or to change sir?" repeated the voice. "I give ready money, or some beautiful vases. I have some very beautiful vases here—lofely."

"Go away," replied Mr. Tripp with contempt. "Vases, indeed!" and he looked with scorn at the contents of the basket.

"But if de shentleman would look, per haps he might find an old gout," repeated the dealer. "I git ready mouish—loc."

He advanced a step. As he did so Mr Tripp's connoisseur eye saw amidst the new and brilliant articles of that long basket, something dull and greenish.

He had been about to thunder forth a "No," but now with dilated eyes, he cried "Stop—let me see that!"

The dealer, smiling once again more benevolently than ever, held forth a curl basket, on which was portrayed a crimson rose.

"Not that," cried Mr. Tripp. "The—the bit of bric a brac."

He had no other name for it. What it was intended for probably no man knew. It looked like an old bronze mustard pot, only no one ever used a bronze mustard pot, but there were certain signs about it which made its value fully evident to Mr Tripp.

He took it in his hands. They fairly trembled. The dealer, who a moment before had despised the queer object which he had bought, with other affects, of a deceased lady, which were sold in a lump, began to see that it had a value. He looked benignly wise, and complacently seated himself to prepare for the delight full hard bargain he intended to drive with his customer.

"—I want this—" stammered Mr. Tripp, glaring at the treasure in his hands.

"I shall be happy to exchange for any clooesh you have," replied the dealer.

And Mr. Tripp, remembering that he had no money, jumped at the opportunity.

He seized the overcoat in both hands.

"Here," he said, "take that. There, there, take that. Good Heaven! what a splendid bit of old bronze!" and he turned his back upon the dealer.

But this wise Hebrew, lifting the over coat in his hand, looked at it contemptuously, shook his head, and answered—

"Vell, vell, I feel sad ven I tink a shentleman like you would offer an old coat like dis for such a valuable piece of old bronze as dat—"

"Yes—yes," replied Mr. Tripp, seated at the lawyer's desk, clutching his cherished treasure with both hands. "Yes—yes —well, what more do you want?

"Vell, any old clooesh vat de shentleman may hat," said the dealer; "de shentleman will look."

"Bless you, I'm not at home you know —this isn't my place," replied Tripp, speaking rapidly as people do in fevers. "Here now, take this," with a sudden action he pulled off the coat he wore, and cast that towards the dealer also.

It was a very handsome coat indeed, but this old gentleman would not have acknowledged it for his life.

The shentleman must hat some clooesh," he said. "De poor old gout must hat some proud. Oh, vell, if de shentleman hat no later little tings, dere can be no bargain."

He held out his hand for the bronze mystery. But Mr. Tripp clasping it to his breast, and glaring at him as might a tigress despoiled of her young, growled fiercely—

"What will satisfy you? Speak!"

"Vell," said the dealer, measuring his victim with an avaricious eye, "give me a goat and a pair of boots, and you shall hat dat valuable piece of prezent."

For a moment Mr Tripp looked about him, but again the long, brown hand was extended toward the object of his adoration.

"Take 'em and go," he said, fiercely.

And the dealer, anxious to make his escape before this evidently insane gentleman arrived to protect him, obeyed instantly, and now Mr. Tripp stood arrayed in a tweed suit, looking like a gigantic knitted doll, and contemplated his treasure.

"Jaquin will lend me things to go home in," he said, as he looked down upon his costume. "I couldn't lose this. There never was a collector like me. Great Heaven! there's a lady with him! I hear her voice! What shall I do?"

He glanced about him.

There was a screen devoted to ink bottles in a corner of the room.

Towards this he flew, and finding it for tunately open, darted inside, and crouched under the lower shelf in the graceful and picturesque attitude of a Mexican mummy.

Not a minute too soon had he entered this hiding place.

Mr. Jaquin's step that instant sounded on the old carpet, and the voice that had been talking all the way upstairs uttered a low shriek.

"Oh!" it cried. "Oh, oh, oh! where did you get that lovely thing?"

And, peeping through a crack of the closet door, Mr. Tripp saw a lady in a bonnet and cloak sink on her knees beside the desk on which stood his dearly bought bit of bronze.

"What lovely thing, Malinda?" replied the grating voice of Mr. Jaquin. "Oh, hum!—old inkstand, ain't it? No. Very dirty and fusty, whatever it is, I'm sure. How did it come here? Curious—never saw it before. Well, Malinda, you may have it."

Poor Mr. Tripp, in his hiding place, suppressed a shriek of despair.

"Oh, brother!" cried the lady; "I have had this! Oh!"

At that moment another person entered, it was the clerk.

"Mr. Tripp has been here, sir," he said. "I suppose he grew tired of waiting."

"Ha! I see," replied Mr. Jaquin. "Tripp, yes, if that's old and valuable, and all that sort of thing, Tripp has been here and left it by accident. He buys wagon loads of 'em."

"Brother!" cried Malinda, in a tone of surprise, "there are not wagon loads of these things in the world."

"Don't be too sure," replied Mr. Jaquin. "but I assure you, you don't know Tripp. His rooms are like a museum. In his parlor are the beginnings and things you ever saw. The tables are full of all sorts of curiosities. No place to put one's hat. You never saw the like."

The mantelpiece groans with brass and china, and bronze things of no earthly use. They hang from the ceiling, and peep out of cabinets, and look over the head board of his bed.

"Where you would have expected to find beds you find dragons. Where the hair brushes ought to be kept, are the brass snuffers of past centuries. Where you think you have soup dishes you'll find relics from old tombs."

"If you take a glass down for a drink of water you're as likely as not to swallow some dreadful relic that has been wrapped up in a mummy's cerements for ages.

"I did it once, I assure you, and where other bachelors hang the portraits of pretty singers and actresses, he sticks up those horrible old fragments of heads, with broken noses, and all the surface modelling gone that fantastic people pretend to go mad over now a days. Horrid things, as if rats had been eating up one of those hideous Egyptians, you know."

"Oh, the quaintest fellow! Wears a ring that looks like a bit of old horseshoe, because it was dug from the tomb of lord knows who. Fine man, too, if he wasn't crazy on one subject."

"Crazy! Oh, brother," sighed Miss Malinda. "I've begged to meet such a person all my life. Perhaps he might have sympathy with my fondness for my poor little bit of collection. I wish I had met such a man when I was young."

The lawyer answered, with a roar of laughter—

"I'd introduce you now, sister," he said, "only, he's afraid of women, never speaks to one—"

"Indeed, why should he, with such occupation for his mind?" said Miss Malinda. "But now I'll go. Take good care of that precious thing, brother, until Mr. Tripp comes. You don't know its value."

Then Miss Malinda departed.

The office being free from the presence of a lady, the lawyer was astonished by a voice which addressed him from somewhere—nothing place.

"Jaquin!"

"Who is that?" cried the lawyer, in a tone of terror.

"Don't be alarmed, I'm in the cupboard," said the voice. "It's I—Tripp, but I'm so stiff you'll have to help me out."

Then Mr. Jaquin opened the door and beheld Mr. Tripp in unconventional attire, and with a curiously small space amongst the ink bottles.

His legal mind at once made out the facts of the matter.

"I see it, you've sold your clothes to get that," he said. "I don't know how, but I see you've done it. You ought to be in a madhouse."

But all that Mr. Tripp replied was—

"Jaquin, you must introduce me to your sister. She will understand me."

And so it came about that Mr. Tripp added another curiosity to his collection in the shape of a wife.

Jaquin's clerk, amongst his friends, joked about it, and said—

"Another antique."

But though Tripp and his wife were both old, all the things about them were so much older, that they seemed quite young by contrast, and the brass and marble handed down from dead centuries seem to say, as they look down upon them—

"Bless us! this is a very young couple; they were born in eighteen hundred and something. I trust they'll treat us with proper respect."

## Daisy's Sacrifice.

The sun was setting in the western heavens, lending the pale blue of the Channel a varied glory of gorgeous hues. On the low perch of one of the many pretty villas that lined the long road, a young girl was standing, in the full glow of the sunset. Daisy Lee was a very pretty girl. Not beautiful, and yet infinitely sweet; not brilliant or fascinating, but with a certain quiet grace of her own.

As she stood, here a light step sounded on the walk, and a white arm was thrown carelessly around her.

"A penny for your thoughts," cried a voice that was like the chime of a silver bell.

"They are not worth it, Isabel," Daisy replied, laughingly.

"I am sure they are," cried the other. "As if my thoughtful Daisy would meditate on anything of not even a penny's worth! Away with the idea!" she exclaimed, dramatically.

"You should have been an actress," ejaculated Daisy, enthusiastically.

"My inclinations tended to the profession, fair lady," Isabel returned, "and though grief therefore checked my glowing fancies in their early bloom, the flame of my ambition still burns within my breast. And, should I never realize my dreams of fame—never attain the glori ous career my fond imagination has portrayed, I can say withal, that the divine inspiration that animates the soul of genius fires my mind with all the intense passion and ardent zeal that are characteristic of native talent."

"Bravo!" cried a rich, manly voice.

And the girls started simultaneously at the appearance of the young man, who had advanced unperceived on them.

"Proceed," this remarkably audacious young fellow remarked.

"He was a very handsome representative of his sex, this Lawrence Deane.

"Suppose I were expressing my opinion of you to Daisy, and favoring little dash of slander included?" said Isabel.

"Suppose," he said archly, "but then, you see, it is not supposable, for I am positive that you would be the last one in the world to scandalize me, Miss Isabel. And Daisy the last to listen to such gossip."

"You have a good opinion of yourself, Mr. Deane," said Isabel, coldly.

"Not at all. You would infer that I am conceited, Miss Marsh?"

"You are at liberty to form whatever conclusions you choose, sir," Isabel answered, as she prepared to follow Daisy, who had gone into the house.

"Allow me to congratulate you on your frankness," he said, sarcastically, turning on his heel.

How perverse—how strange are the words of a woman!

The next moment she was beside him.

"Are you vexed?" she said, a strange mixture of pride and pleading in her voice, looking at him with an expression in her luminous eyes that thrilled him through as he gazed into their glorious depths.

She had laid one white hand on his arm, and her perfect form was inclined towards him, as she bent over the chair in to which he had flung himself.

Forget you as well might you command the earth to stand still, or bid the sun to cease to shine, as to tell me to forget you. If you loved me, Isabel, you would never talk like that!"

"I am giving you the greatest proof of my love, Lawrence," she said, with infinite tenderness.

"I could not love thee, dear, so well,
Loved I not honor more!"

Lawrence, be a man! Surely if I can commit the sacrifice, you will not be the one to hesitate."

"Oh, my darling, how can I give you up? Isabel, Isabel, it cannot be!"

"It must be," she said. Banish the unhappy past, and live only for the future."

"Such a future!" he said, bitterly.

And Daisy, concealed behind a curtain that draped a little alcove in the conservatory, hears it all! Lawrence's love and despair, and Isabel's noble, self-sacrificing sentiment. She had listened to their conversation in numbed silence until now; and, unable to endure it any longer, she opens the long, French window, and goes out into the open air. Her face is set in an awful expression, her eyes have a wild, anguished glare; her lips are white with agony. She goes down the path to the gate and looks around. How calm and peaceful everything is. The very flowers seem to mock her, as they droop beneath their weight of dew. A sudden terrible idea takes possession of her; a smile wreathes her pale lips.

She leaves the garden with a last look behind.

But where is she going?

She turns from the house, and goes up the long dark road to where the path leads to a rocky ascent.

She looks like a spectre as she flits on; her long hair, escaped from its confinement, and falling in heavy masses over the white dress; her light tread hardly seeming to touch the ground as she hurries on.

The murmur of the waves as they ripple and eddy on the beach falls on her ears, and, as she ascends higher, she can see the foam of the breakers as they dash against the rocks below.

The moon is obscured by a passing cloud, but the heavens are radiant with the light of a million stars.

Now she stands on the very brow of the cliff, and looks down on the dark waters beneath.

Then she lifts her white despairing face to the skies, clasping her hands.

"Heaven, have mercy on my soul!" mutters poor Daisy, with inky lips.

Another second, and she would have been struggling in the cool, clear water.

But it was not to be.

As she leaned over to take the fatal plunge, the moon shone out suddenly, illuminating the darkness with a strange vividness.

Step by step the girl draws back from that terrible brink, her hand pressed convulsively to her heart, as if in mortal fear.

"Oh, Heaven! what have I been about to do? Sacrifice my soul's salvation for the sake of a man's love, for is not Heaven's curse upon the suicide? Oh, merciful Father, forgive me."

She kneels down on the hard ground, blessed tears streaming from her eyes—tears that relieve the spirit's pent-up agony; and this kneeling, she fights her battle between life and death—bravely and victoriously.

A divine light seems to animate the sweet, upturned face.

A holy calm gradually pervades her being, and the war in her breast gives way to a sweet, mild peace.

Surely that night the angels must have wept for very joy over another of earth's weary ones saved from temptation.

What is the worth of a man's love when compared to the priceless value of a woman's soul?

I would wish to die, for what would life be to me without your love?"

"My poor little girl!" he murmured, tenderly, caressing the drooping head that lay on his bosom.

All the while another face was hovering before his imagination.

"Oh, my love, my love!" he would groan, in the anguish of his spirit, "why did we ever meet? Was ever love so bitter-sweet as this? Oh, Isabel!"

But Daisy was happy.

Her day seemed very bright, just now, poor child.

She could not see the dark clouds that were densely gathering on her sunny horizon.

Why should this brief happiness be denied her?

The storm will break only too soon.

* * * * *

"Isabel—I must see you, and alone. This suspense is past human endurance! I will wait for you this evening in the conservatory. Isabel, surely your heart is not as stone! Come, then, my own dearest, and meet your unhappy

"Lawrence."

This was the note that Daisy found and read in Isabel's room a few days later.

It was lying on the floor, and picking it up, she caught sight of her lover's signature. So, casting all scruples to the winds, she perused it.

She did not faint, but stood perfectly still, as if turned into marble, glaring with an awful horror in her eyes at that fatal letter, her fair young face ghastly as death.

"Oh, Heaven!" she cried, in a voice scarcely recognizable as her own. "What is this?"

She pressed her hands to her throbbing brow and tried to think.

"Think!"

The word was a mockery.

Her brain was in a whirl. Her mind seemed in utter chaos.

Again and again she read those lines until they seemed to burn in letters of fire on her heart.

Then, flinging the note from her, she went, with dazed steps, from her cousin's room to her own little apartment.

"Oh, Heaven," she repeated, but now with a calmness that was terrible in its intensity, "Can this really be true? Oh, I must be dreaming! Lawrence false, and so abused as this! No, I will not believe it. Oh, my love, it cannot be! Not until your own lips condemn you will I believe that you are faithless to me!"

She paused suddenly, her hands clenched tightly together, a quick determination flashing in her eyes.

"I shall see for myself! I will go to the conservatory, too, and learn the truth. Then, if I discover that he is false, then—and the pale lips quivered pitifully—"Heaven pity me!"

* * * * *

"Oh, Isabel, have pity on me!" pleaded Lawrence Deane, as he stood before Isabel Marsh, and gazed wistfully at her pale, beautiful face.

"Have I no need of pity?" she demanded, sadly. "Yet, after all, we are but human! But, oh, Lawrence, it is wrong to talk thus; remember that Daisy is your betrothed wife, and cease to think of me. Forget that you ever met me!"

"Forget you! as well might you command the earth to stand still, or bid the sun to cease to shine, as to tell me to forget you. If you loved me, Isabel, you would never talk like that!"

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A holy calm gradually pervades her being, and the war in her breast gives way to a sweet, mild peace.

Surely that night the angels must have wept for very joy over another of earth's weary ones saved from temptation.

What is the worth of a man's love when compared to the priceless value of a woman's soul?

Why should a human life be sacrificed for the sake of one man's heart?

Heaven never meant that woman should forfeit her salvation—her eternal happiness—for the affection of a weak man.

After that eventful night Daisy went to Lawrence Deane, and, giving him back his ring, she told him she wished to be free.

It cost her a terrible effort, but she went bravely through the ordeal.

She was perfectly calm and self-possessed to all seeming, but her poor heart was breaking all the while.

In vain did he question her motive for this sudden determination.

All the satisfaction that Daisy gave him was, that she desired to break the engagement between them, for reasons of her own.

She evinced such careless nonchalance that he felt slightly piqued, but did not protest against her wishes.

And so, as the result of that interview, there was a wedding three months later in the village church, and Lawrence Deane and Isabel Marsh were united in the bonds of matrimony.

They proceeded on their honeymoon, leaving Daisy, alone.

Alone, to take up life again with patient resignation.

Very dreary the future appears to her now, that was once so bright with golden hopes.

The love that she would have died for has gone out of her life.

All that is left is a memory of that brief happiness.

But a memory, infinitely sad, and infinitely sweet, of the love of long ago; but tears come into her eyes, and her heart grows heavy as those recollections come back.

Yet she is not unhappy.

She has chosen the hard, thorny road, but does it not lead to glory?

She has sacrificed all that was dear to her on earth, but has not laid up treasure in heaven?

## AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A Monkey on the House.—"A monkey on the house" is a common expression current in Cambridgeshire, England. It means that the owner of the house has raised money on it. The natives also say, "A monkey on the land," the word "monkey" being exactly equivalent to "mortgage."

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An American Lady in Paris.—Miss Kate Field has been in Paris, on her way, from a sojourn at an old manor house in Touraine, to her residence in London, and has been the recipient of as much attention as General Grant. Five weeks of seething and bread and cream have not wonders for her, made her over new, and her friends say she is fat, which, however, she is not, but the waves as they ripple and eddy on the beach falls on her ears, and, as she ascends higher, she can see the foam of the breakers as they dash against the rocks below.

The moon is obscured by a passing cloud, but the heavens are radiant with the light of a million stars.

Now she stands on the very brow of the cliff, and looks down on the dark waters beneath.

Then she lifts her white despairing face to the skies, clasping her hands.

"Heaven, have mercy on my soul!" mutters poor Daisy, with inky lips.

Another second, and she would have been struggling in the cool, clear water.

But it was not to be.

As she leaned over to take the fatal plunge, the moon shone out suddenly, illuminating the darkness with a strange vividness.

Step by step the girl draws back from that terrible brink, her hand pressed convulsively to her heart, as if in mortal fear.

"Oh, Heaven! what have I been about to do? Sacrifice my soul's salvation for the sake of a man's love, for is not Heaven's curse upon the suicide? Oh, merciful Father, forgive me."

She kneels down on the hard ground, blessed tears streaming from her eyes—tears that relieve the spirit's pent-up agony; and this kneeling, she fights her battle between life and death—bravely and victoriously.

A divine light seems to animate the sweet, upturned face.

A holy calm gradually pervades her being, and the war in her breast gives way to a sweet, mild peace.

Surely that night the angels must have wept for very joy over another of earth's weary ones saved from temptation.

What is the worth of a man's love when compared to the priceless value of a woman's soul?

Why should a human life be sacrificed for the sake of one man's heart?

Heaven never meant that woman should forfeit her salvation—her eternal happiness—for the affection of a weak man.

After that eventful night Daisy went to Lawrence Deane, and, giving him back his ring, she told him she wished to be free.

It cost her a terrible effort, but she went bravely through the ordeal.

She was perfectly calm and self-possessed to all seeming, but her poor heart was breaking all the while.

In vain did he question her motive for this sudden determination.

All the satisfaction that Daisy gave him was, that she desired to break the engagement between them, for reasons of her own.

She evinced such careless nonchalance that he felt slightly piqued, but did not protest against her wishes.

And so, as the result of that interview, there was a wedding three months later in the village church, and Lawrence Deane and Isabel Marsh were united in the bonds of matrimony.

They proceeded on their honeymoon, leaving Daisy, alone.

Alone, to take up life again with patient resignation.

Very dreary the future appears to her now, that was once so bright with golden hopes.

The love that she would have died for has gone out of her life.

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Youth and Beauty.

Is the envy of every lady, and delight of gentlemen. Ladies who are not blessed by nature can very much improve their beauty by using Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth." It will remove all blemishes from the skin, leaving it perfectly beautiful. Sold at all druggists in the United States.

### OUR LONGINGS.

There is something beyond—Something beyond—
But where is its hiding, that vague fair dream?
Always above us, always beyond us,
A beacon as bright as the sun's glad beam.

Alas! how oft we try to grasp it,
And our eager hands are outstretched in vain!
But our yearning eyes gaze always upward,
Stirring us weakly our purpose to gain.

How grand it seems in our expectation—
That unknown *Something* so veiled from our sight!
How bitter our cry of blind displeasure,
Against the just God who ordains all right!

But harder, far harder, the painful wisdom
(For it comes at last after weary years),
When the longed-for *Something* is in our grasp,
So faded and poor midst our bitter tears.

Tears—when we find our idol shattered,
Or our cherished hope as a thing of air;
Knowing that years have been spent in longing
For nothing unworthy of love or care.

Then is the hour when the heart is riven—
Then is the time when the blinding tears fall;
To know that what we have loved is worthless—
Oh, that is the cruellest pain of all!

### THE RUSSIANS OF TO-DAY.

We take the following article on Russian marriage customs from a series of papers on the Russians of to-day, now appearing through the columns of the Pall Mall Gazette:

Russian marriages are generally arranged through priests. Being matters of business, it is desirable that there should be no mistake as to the amount of dower which the bride is to bring, and there would very likely be mistakes if some members of the upper clergy were not to act as an intermediary in these negotiations. The archimandrite does much of the work that falls to notaries in other countries; only he charges more, and a portion of the dower is apt to stick between his fingers. A well-bred bridegroom must present a gift to a monastery and another to his parish church; the bride, through her friends, is expected to clothe some statue of a Virgin with a gown of silver brocade, encircled with more or less jewels according to the piety of the donor; and in some parts of Southern Russia she adds a gift of two white doves to the Popes, which looks like a relic of the worship of Venus. The consent of parents is necessary for a marriage; until the age of thirty in the case of men, twenty-five in that of women. But young people are at liberty to appeal to the civil authorities if consent be arbitrarily withheld. In this event the parents are called upon to show reason for their refusal. The reason must not be mercenary, unless one of the young people, and there would very rarely be the question is referred to the marshal of the nobility of the district, whose decisions are based upon expediency rather than upon fixed principles. These appeals are rare, because the Russians are a marrying people and dispose of their children early. In the middle and lower classes selling a bride, but he is often betrothed before starting to a young lady not yet out of the school-room, and he weds her immediately upon his return. This is no custom which has so few old maids as Russia. The great ridicule attached to the title, when not borne by a man who has distinguished to do with the unwillingness of ladies to sport it. When a girl has reached the age of twenty days without being married she generally sets out on what she calls a pilgrimage if poor—on a round of travels if rich; and in either case she turns up some years later as a widow. Widows are as plentiful as old spinsters are scarce; and widows whose husbands were never seen even more numerous than the rest. Risquette forbids any allusion to a lady's dead husband in her presence; and this is, perhaps, sometimes overstrained.

When couples are engaged, a betrothal feast is held, and the bride elect has a lock of her hair cut off in the presence of witnesses and given to the bridegroom, who in return presents a silver ring set with a turquoise, an almond cake and a gift of bread and salt. From this moment the two are plighted; nor can the relatives break the match except with the consent of the parties themselves, which is signified by a return of the ring and lock of hair. So much importance is attached to the ring, at least in the north of Russia, that among poor people who cannot afford silver and a turquoise, tin and a bit of blue stone are substituted. The betrothal rings are kept as heirlooms, but must not be made to serve twice—a son cannot give his bride the ring which his mother received, for instance, though why this should be so is a mystery which the clergy, who sell the rings, could best explain. On the wedding day the bride comes to church dressed in white, but it is not among the highest classes, who copy Western fashions, that the bridal costume is entirely white, and that a wreath of orange-blossom is worn. The peasant Russians pure light blue is the nuptial color, and a coronet of silver ribbon stands in place of white roses. The wedding ring for the bride is of gold or some yellow metal, as is that on a plain hoop, it is generally a double ring with enchased stars. The bridegroom has a ring, too, which the bride puts on his finger at the altar after she has received his, and this is mostly a plain one. The clergy make much ado about the rings being of pure metal, and thereby keep the sale of them in their hands, though it would not always be safe to test the purity of an ecclesiastical gold with a touchstone. After the wedding service, which comprises in some of the less civilized districts the breaking of an earthenware vessel in token that the bride renounces her own possessions (or is ready to smash all her father's crockery for her husband's sake—explanations differ)—after this there is an adjournment to a banquet in which mulled kvass (small beer) and almonds and raisins play a part. Wedding-days must not be celebrated before midday, nor must they take place in a church. In fashionable life it is the custom to solemnize them in a drawing room, and by candle light. There is no departure on a honeymoon tour. The wedding is followed by a ball, then by a supper; and at this last repast, when held in houses where old customs are observed, a glass slipper, supposed to be the bride's is produced, and used as a drinking vessel by the bridegroom's friends, who pass it round and drink the bride's health in it till it is worn through and will hold liquor no longer. In houses where speeches are made it is not the bridegroom, but the bride's father, who returns thanks when her health is drunk—this usage being owing to the fact that a father still retains authority over his child after she is married. He may summon her from her home to lend him when he is sick. If he lose his wife he may claim his married daughter's services as a housekeeper during the first three months of his widowhood; and her very often does so. If the daughter's husband die, her father may order her to return to his roof, and he becomes de jure the guardian of her children. None of these privileges are retained by a married woman's mother.

Divorces are not allowed in Russia, but a marriage can be annulled for informality; and so divorces are pretty frequent. It is only a question of money, like most Russian things. In Lithuania and some parts of Little Russia it is the custom for the bride's nearest relative to give her a slap on the face at the moment of leading her to the priest, the object of this being to establish, in case of need, that the bride is married under compulsion—which would be enough to break the marriage. Russians themselves assure strangers that the slap is only a reminder to the bride to behave well in future, but the true sense of it is that just stated, for otherwise the reminder would presumably be given by the bridegroom. In some parts of the Empire the date of the marriage is left blank on the certificate; and this again furnishes grounds for a divorce. In the Cheronese the Pope intentionally omits to register the ages of the parties; but there is no real need for any of these precautions, for the marriage laws are so complicated that two parties willing to pay for the luxury of a separation can easily ferret out a ukase whose prescriptions were not scrupulously observed at their nuptials. It is the clergy who declare a marriage null, and they will connive at any trick for this purpose. It is not by any means rare for a lady of fickle affections to get her new lover to pay her husband a sum of money that he may consent to a divorce, and this has been done even in social circles, where a regard for decencies might have been expected. About a dozen years ago an Imperial decree was launched, forbidding servants of the Crown below the fifth rank to apply for annulments of marriage except with the permission of their chiefs, which would have been absurd if such annulments had only been asked for, as a rule, upon sufficient grounds. Annulled ladies, whether contumacious or not, are received into society; so are those who have annulled marriages two or three times; and, indeed, Russian morals as to the sanctity of marriage are nothing if not lax. Russians make good husbands, according to their own ideas of good—that is, they are intelligent, good-tempered, and not jealous, but in the higher classes they are incorrigible flirts, and in the lower they drink, and, being drunk, settle all connubial differences by the fists. It is a common sight in a village to see a mujick cuffing his wife with might and main; nor do her bowls bring any of her own sex to her assistance. It seems to be admitted among all but the upper classes that a man has a full right to beat his wife, and she gets no sympathy whether she vociferates or hits back. In case of flagrant infidelity a Russian may have his wife put in prison for a year, and if she is not of noble blood or of a priest's family, he may have her once flogged besides; but this prerogative is more honored in the breach than in the observance. Women have no counterhold over their husbands, and herein appears the Oriental view still prevailing in the Empire as to the ascendency of the strong sex. A husband may appear as a witness in a lawsuit against his wife, but a wife is not heard against her husband; a man may oblige his wife to work for him, but a wife cannot sue her husband even for necessaries, and she has no redress against him if he deserts her. Orientalism appears again in the almost total seclusion of Russian middle-class women within their own houses. You must have known a Russian of the trading class for some time before he thinks it advisable to introduce his wife, and you must be known to him for a long time before he will take the liberty of letting her sit down to table in your presence. Russian women go out of doors with their children, but seldom with their husbands, and a man is not expected to take notice of another man's wife by bowing to her on the streets. One of the sights which surprises a Russian of the midland cities most when he goes to St. Petersburg, Moscow or Odessa, is to notice the promiscuous flow of both sexes in the streets and in place of amusement. As to the spectacle of married ladies sitting in the boxes of theatres with their shoulders bare, this amazing license is enough to take his breath away.

### SWISS SCHOOLS.

The common school system of the United States, elaborate and comprehensive as it is, more than finds a parallel in the little republic of Switzerland. Attention to the business of education is to the Swiss an unceasing and engrossing duty from the cradle to the grave. The school is with him always—as a child and as a man. No sooner is the boy old enough to be a pupil than he ceases to be a child. The village schools are governed by the villagers, and as a member of the school he is taught that he must scan, goat-herd, or innkeeper, he must take his share in managing these public schools. He has to build them, to repair them, and to keep them up. He has to choose the teacher and director and to pay a portion of their stipends from his private purse. As soon as he has children of his own a new relation opens. He then becomes visitor, on private as well as public grounds, for each parent has a right to visit and inspect the school, to see the teacher, and to consult the records of his child's progress.

In Switzerland the first intelligent idea that presents itself to an urchin's mind is that he must go to school. He sees his brother, his sister go there; he sees them bring their lessons home; he sees them rise at dawn to learn their tasks. If he is stout of limb and clear of head, he recognizes his own destiny in them, and knows that in the fullness of time he also must trot off to school. On coming to a certain age—in some places six, in others seven years—his right to stay at home and let deep and twelve feet square, and in use in every way satisfactory. Such a cellar, however, can not be made except in dry soil.

WORK FOR THE WINTER.—After the field work is done, look to the house, and make that and all about it comfortable, without delay. Where water lodges, grade the surface so as to carry it away from the building. Fit eaves-troughs and leaders to the house. Double sashes in the cellar windows will keep out frost and admit light. Never heap manure about cellar windows. Bundles of corn stalks are best for this purpose. Provide a place for ashes, house slops, and other waste. Remove heaps of rubbish, and everything that will cause snow drifts.

FRUIT IN CELLARS.—Fruit in cellars is likely to suffer from heat rather than cold. In the slow operation of ripening, heat and carbonic acid are given off. When over the temperature approaches 40°, the outer air, if colder, should be let in to reduce it. In the house cellar the accumulation of carbonic acid would be injurious to the health of the family, and it is highly important that this be removed by ventilation. In fruit cellars apart from the house, this is not necessary, as the presence of this gas, so injurious to animal life, tends to preserve the fruit, as it excludes the atmospheric air.

### LITERARY NOTES.

The American News Company, New York, have just published "The Queen of Picture Books for Boys and Girls." This is a very attractive volume and just the thing to suit the little folks for the coming Christmas holidays. It contains a very pretty picture of large size on each of its 160 pages, illustrating a great variety of subjects. Each one of these engravings is executed in the highest style of art, and is accompanied with a description in prose just long enough and just simple enough for little scholars to read and fully understand. "The Queen of Picture Books" is printed in large type, on good, thick paper, and is of quarto size. It is very handsomely bound in ornamented cloth. For sale in this city by the Central News Company.

Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., of this city, have just issued "The Budget, a Picture and Story Book for Boys and Girls." This volume is edited by Uncle Herbert, who evidently knows how to please the children, for his book is at once bright, cheerful and instructive. Every child can fully understand and admire the little stories, poems and sketches it contains so abundantly as to be literally overflowing with them. It has great variety, and its tone is healthful throughout. One of its most pleasing and valuable features is a short but remarkably comprehensive account of the Centennial Exposition, which is largely illustrated with capital and truthful engravings. But the volume is full of fine pictures throughout. These are of all sizes and cannot fail to catch and hold the eyes of the boys and girls. Large type and fine paper add to the attractiveness of "The Budget." It is quarto size, 368 pages, and is neatly bound in half cloth, with gilt back and illuminated sides. Price, per copy, $1.25. "The Budget" comes just in time for the Christmas holidays.

From Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., we also have Uncle Herbert's "My Book," three in number, namely, "My Primer," "My Pet Book," and "My Own Book." These little volumes are all richly illustrated, and will just fill Christmas requirements. "My Primer" contains large letters of the alphabet, and short stories in short words and large-print. It is quarto size, 48 pages, and has 66 illustrations. Price, per copy, thirty cents. "My Pet Book" contains short stories and poetry in short words and large type. It is quarto size; 96 pages, and has 75 pictures. Price, per copy, fifty cents. "My Own Book" is intended for larger children than either of the foregoing. It is made up of interesting short stories and pretty poetry, and is printed in bold type on glossy, white paper. It is quarto size, 144 pages, and is densely crowded with handsome pictures. Price, per copy, seventy-five cents. All the "My Books" are beautifully bound in half cloth illuminated covers.

Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston, have just issued Transcendentalism, with Preludes on Current Events." This volume is the second instalment of Joseph Cook's "Boston Monday Lectures," the first instalment having been published some months ago. The object of the "Boston Monday Lectures" is to present the results of the freshest German, English and American scholarship on the more important and difficult topics concerning the relation of religion and science. The present volume contains eleven lectures and the same number of preludes. In the lectures a large space is devoted to Theodore Parker's work, "The Absolute Religion," "The Guilt of Sin," and "Communion with God as Personal." The preludes treat of a variety of important subjects. "Transcendentalism," as a whole, is a book well worthy of attentive study. It is clearly printed on a good quality of paper, and is 12mo. size, 305 pages. Neatly bound in cloth. The price per copy is $1.50. For sale in this city by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Messrs. Lee & Shepard, Boston, have published a remarkably fine Christmas edition of Henry Francis Lyte's poem "Abide With Me." This poem is of pronounced merit and has a strong religious cast. Each page is printed only on one side, and contains a portion of the poem and a beautiful descriptive illustration, designed by Miss L. B. Humphrey, and engraved by Messrs. John Andrew & Son. The work is beautifully printed on thick, white paper, and is handsomely bound in cloth. It is quarto size, and sells for $2.00 per copy. Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. have it on sale in this city.

Messrs. Lee & Shepard also send us "Elocution Simplified," by Walter K. Fobes, with an introduction by George M. Baker. This work is divided into four parts which treat respectively of "Physical Gymnastics," "Vocal Gymnastics," "Elocution," and "Hints on Elocution." The volume is full of sound, good sense, and is thoroughly exhaustive of its subject. It is invaluable to all public speakers and amateurs in the declamatory art, and must of necessity have an extensive sale. "Elocution Simplified" is gotten up in good style, and, bound in cloth, sells for fifty cents per copy. To be had in this city of Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE MAGAZINES.

The London Quarterly Review, for October, has been published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York. The following are the contents: 1. "Memoirs of Odilon Barrot." This paper is of special interest at the present time, as it affords an opportunity of comparing the political events of to-day in France, with those of the thirty years following the battle of Waterloo. 2. "History of the Mongols." An account of the rise and fall of the Mongol Empire, condensed from Mr. Howorth's late work on the subject. 3. "Casarism, Romanism, Socialism." The Papacy's Extreme Ideals." In the outline here given of these ideals, the writer strives impartially to point out the truth and error contained in each. 4. "Carriages, Roads and Coaches." This paper treats of the carriages which run upon ordinary roads, with some account of the "mails" and "coaches" of the former times. 5. "Contemporary Italian Poets." In this article the writer reviews the works of several poets, and points out the condition of the literary public to which their peculiarities are in a great measure due. 6. "The Labors Utah and Oyster Fisheries." This essay discusses the cause of the present scarcity of shell fish, and the methods for renewing it. The remaining articles are: "Alfred Austin's Poems." "The New Republic and Modern Philosophers." "Ordination and Confession," and "The Liberal Party and Foreign Politics." Received from W. B. Zieber.

The Popular Science Monthly Supplement, No. VII, comes to our table with a rich and ample table of contents. John Tyndall is represented by an admirable article on "Science and Man." W. B. Carpenter by an exhaustive paper on "Psychological Curiosities of Spiritualism," J. Norman Lockyer and Prof. W. W. Hunter by an interesting account of "Sun Spots and Famines;" H. Bridges by "The Moral and Social Aspects of Health," Prof. Grant Allen by an "Esthetic Analysis of an Obelisk," Mark Pattison by "Books and Critics." The remaining articles are "A Mighty Seaware," "Theology and Science two Hundred Years Ago," and "Animal Ingenuity." All of which are exceedingly full and readable. Published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

The American edition of the Westminster Review, for October, has been issued, and is fully up to the usual standard of interest and excellence. Among its contents are articles on "Hindu Society and English Rule," "Torpedo Warfare, "Renaissance in Italy," "The Supernatural Element in Shakspeare," "Sir John Bowring," "Pre-Christian Dispensaries and Hospitals," "Russian Literature," "Cross-fertilization of Plants and Consanguineous Marriage," etc., etc. The Department of Contemporary Literature contains notices on the latest features, developments and discoveries in Theology, Philosophy, Politics, Sociology, Voyages, Travels, Science, History, Biographies, etc. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, No. 41 Barclay street, New York, and for sale in this city by Mr. W. B. Zieber.

NEW MUSIC.

From Messrs. S. T. Gordon & Son, New York, we have the following pieces of new music: "Come, Love, Let Us Away," a pretty and fairly difficult song and chorus. "Ma Colleen Avourneen," a charmingly flowing and melodic ballad; "Oh, for a Kiss from My Bonnie Lemon," a very easy and excellent song; "Christ the Consoler," a fine and noble sacred song; "Sweethearts Waltz," a composition that will be popular; "Nancy Lee Waltz," a difficult and melodious composition, "The Sailor's Wife," an excellent ballad, and "The Rainy Day," a fine and rather difficult ballad.

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PHILADELPHIA
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SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 8, 1877.

CONTENTS OF THE POST.

Among the interesting features of the present number of the Post will be found the department of

**Home Culture,**

containing the eighth chapter of Mrs. H. O. Ward's "Self-Training," the third of "Salvationa." A fine two fine serial romances

**Printed, Yet Free,**

a story of remarkable power; and

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which gives in brief space the origin and history of all the current phrases and maxims in the English language. Also a chatty

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which tells, in a pleasant way, of Worth, the man-milliner, fashions, and other topics of the French capital, in our

**Fashion Chat**

the reader will find full information relating to modes and styles of dress. Our department of popular science, agriculture, correspondence, foreign and domestic gossip, current news, etc., will be found complete and readable. Short stories of the best quality, and miscellaneous articles without stint, make to make up a table of contents with which every reader in the home circle will certainly be well pleased.

TO THE PUBLIC.

In obedience to the wishes of a large majority of our subscribers, we, this week, issue the Post in a somewhat different form from that in which it has recently appeared. For some time past we have been in receipt of numerous letters asking for a modification of shape, and, actuated by a desire to gratify as many of our patrons as may be, we have adopted a more symmetrical and compact form than that we formerly employed. In order to do this acceptably we have been compelled to procure an entire new outfit, including a full change of typographical dress. We trust our patrons will duly appreciate the change and recognize in it our wish to thoroughly satisfy, at any cost, all those who have for so long stood by and sustained "the oldest literary and family paper in the United States."

Since the present management have had control of the Post very many improvements have been made in it, and its literary status has been greatly elevated. Still, it is the desire of the conductors of the paper to improve it further in every respect, and with this view we have steadily labored, sparing neither pains nor expense. To day the Post is universally acknowledged to be the leading journal of its class in the whole country, with the additional recommendation that it is the purest in tone and the least sensational of all its contemporaries. In order to give additional strength to our columns, we have increased our editorial force, and also our staff of regular contributors. By this means we shall now be able to present from week to week a better paper even than we have heretofore been giving.

For Christmas we shall issue an unusually attractive number, full of choice reading matter and striking in every respect, in fact, an old time Christmas paper, thoroughly suitable for the Yuletide holidays, and well calculated to please young and old alike. From these facts it will be seen that our aim is to make the Post fully realize the fondest wishes of every lover of a first-class family journal. The price of our paper is exceedingly low, and we think we can conscientiously call upon our patrons and the general public to aid us in giving it a wide-spread circulation.

CAPTAIN MARRYATT.

It is altogether safe to say that there never was a novel writer who succeeded better in the delineation of sea scenes and nautical characters than Captain Marryatt. James Fenimore Cooper, who followed in his footsteps to a certain extent, did fairly, but his sea tales lack that vivid realism and naturalness that distinguish those of Captain Marryatt. We do not deny that Cooper's sea tales are very good. Such a denial would be absurd. Neither would we be understood to maintain that in the mere matter of composition Marryatt was Cooper's superior, for the latter was a careful and polished writer, whilst the former was inartistic and slipshod to the last degree. Cooper, however, was sometimes artificial and frequently stilted, but these defects cannot be laid to Marryatt's charge, for he wrote the plainest and most unadorned English, occasionally going so far as to descend to actual coarseness. Cooper also was deficient in humor, whilst Marryatt literally overflowed with it, and that too of the most uncleanly and side-splitting description. Both writers had had considerable experience with the sea, but, whilst Cooper's terminated at a comparatively early age, Marryatt's was life-long, and the position he held in the British navy gave him opportunities for special and particular observation.

Marryatt never produced anything equal in a purely artistic point of view to Cooper's "Pilot," "Red Rover," or "Two Admirals," but we venture the assertion without the least fear of contradiction that, at the present day, where these romances find one reader, Marryatt's "Midshipman Easy," "Peter Simple," and "Snarleyow" find twenty, or even more. Cooper's sea tales, in fact, are cold and somewhat forced, but Marryatt's brim over with life and spirit at every page. In Cooper's nautical romances the reader is kept mostly out on the ocean, but Marryatt loves to hug port and show his readers the curious scenes transpiring there, scenes in which, it must be admitted, the Jack tar and his superior officers mostly cut anything but creditable figures. Cooper's sailors and officers are all models of propriety and heroism, but Marryatt's are real men, with all men's faults, eccentricities and noble-ness. In truth, Cooper's average captain strongly resembles Marryatt's martinet, a character the English novelist loves to bring into ridicule on all possible or impossible occasions. Cooper frequently indulges in sensation, and some of his incidents are very highly colored. Marryatt, on the other hand, has almost Thackeray's contempt for the extra-heroic, and, when ever he has occasion to touch it, he but touches it without a murmur. In his novels Cooper sketched a vast number of characters, but created only one or two at most, whereas all the personages figuring in Marryatt's pages are true creations, though in every instance founded on actual types. Against Cooper's Long Tom Coffin can be matched a perfect host of Marryatt's people, some of whom are Jack Easy, Smallbones, O'Brien, Peter Simple, Percival Keene, and Captain Vanslyperkin.

In this article we shall not attempt to institute a comparison between Marryatt's "Phantom Ship" and any sea tale that Cooper ever wrote, because "The Phantom Ship" is sui generis, and can only be classed in fictional literature with Eugene Sue's "Wandering Jew," or Rev. George Croly's "Salathiel." It is a weird tale of mysticism, a sailors' superstition presented in the garb of a story. Still "The Phantom Ship" is perhaps Marryatt's most artistic production in every respect, and it would seem to have occupied his attention more than anything else he gave to the world. Marryatt's descriptive powers, when he chose to exercise them, were of a high order, and the reader has only to turn to some of the passages in "The Phantom Ship" for a verification of this assertion. There is another thing about Marryatt to which we would refer before closing this article, and that is the fact that in none of his novels, whether the scene be laid afloat or ashore, does he attempt to hold up impossible ideas of glory or adventure, or to give impossible models of heroism for thoughtless youth to imitate. His productions may be objectionable for young readers on other scores, but on those above mentioned they are unimpeachable. Marryatt could have been a great novelist had he so chosen, but he preferred to be an amusing one, and he attained his goal. He desired the popular eclat of the humorist far more than the crown of high art fame, and, having won it, he was content to let his literary reputation take care of itself.

OUR SANCTUM CHAT.

Competition in trade is certainly a great thing, but when Nature undertakes to compete with man there are many who will ask where the thing is to stop. Nature's last effort at competition is in the oil refining business. Four miles from Millerstown, Penna. has been tapped a well of refined oil, of a greenish tint, but as clear as though passed through a retort. From the brightness of the flame and the results of the tests, one would suppose that it was the best artificially refined oil. Nature will have to have her percentage in the next oil pool.

Pius IX has sat for his last photograph. A photographer of Bologna, by dint of importunity, obtained the signal favor of the Pope sitting to him. After two unsuccessful attempts, His Holiness was waxing impatient, but the artist besought him to give him a third trial. The trial was allowed, and the result was a good likeness. A few days later the photographer reappeared before the Holy Father with the specimens of his skill, but the Pope was still somewhat angry, and said, "You tried my patience too hard, but it is the last time." Then he took one of the photographs and wrote under it: "L'ultimo ritratto che Pio IX (my last portrait). Pio IX." A French Ultramontane offered $1,000 for the negative of the photo, but the artist would not part with it at any price.

BRIGHAM YOUNG, the dead Mormon prophet, was buried in a walled grave, which, according to his direction, of granite, with iron rods binding its sides, ends and bottom, and an immense slab of granite to cover it, and bound in iron in connection with the rest. The slab is said to weigh several tons, and was put in place, as was all the rest, with a large derrick. It was, no doubt, the determination of the prophet to sleep the long sleep of death undisturbed by his enemies. In addition to this, wherein day and night, living at first in sentinel over the grave, have been in constant attendance, and now a house has been completed, and these custodians of the prophet's ashes occupy it, and never leave the spot. What danger there can possibly be in leaving this grave, when no ten men could open it, theorists "it in a day's time, it is hard to divine.

Soon after the burning of the Southern Hotel, St. Louis, there was exhibited in various parts of the land a model of a beautiful invention for making elevator shafts perfectly safe, the aperture being opened and closed by the car as it ascended and descended. The cost of applying this invention was very small compared with the value in saving property, not to mention life but it has not yet been applied in a single hotel in the United States, or, so far as the public knows, in a single warehouse. Perhaps when a few more hundred thousand dollars' worth of property has been destroyed, and some dozen corpses taken from the ruins, it will be thought worth while to test it.

English statesmen seem to have small consideration for the moral welfare of Her Majesty's subjects, in cases where revenue matters are involved. The great surprise expressed by the Christians of England who are interested in the suppression of the opium traffic, that the Government delays so long to ratify the Chefoo convention negotiated by Thos. Wade with China. The treaty requires that when opium is brought into a Chinese port it shall be deposited in bond, and that while in bond the importer shall pay the duty upon it, and the buyer of the opium the local taxes. The Chinese Government proposes to make the local tax so high as to check importation. It is believed that Lord Derby fears the effect of the ratification on the revenues of India.

We cannot avoid clipping the following extract, which explains itself, from an article on journalism and reporters in the New York Mail: "It is the people, and not the journalists, who are 'dead beats.' In case anything more severe than stubbing his toe befalls a man, he hastens to the nearest newspaper and demands that the editor shall wield his pen and shed ink in his vindication or defense. And if the jaded editor does not with alacrity espouse the cause of his 'patron,' he will make an enemy for life. Members of the press' are literally hunted down by all sorts of people who have axes to grind. The managers of a public meeting, who do not find the reporters at the table, suffer stings of disappointment, the judge, who sooner easily blows his nose before reading his opinion, looks anxiously for the stenographers, the preacher, who descants upon some special subject, loses spirit if the representatives of the press are not there, even the burglar on the way to the State prison craves a talk with the newspaper man. Yet the outside barbarian thinks all the newspaper men are dead beats, and envies them the fine times they have in the way of free dinners and free tickets to all manner of shows. There never was a greater mistake. People do not seem to realize that, on the part of the journalist, it is merely a matter of business, that the editor or reporter goes to those places, so attractive to outsiders, much as the horse goes to the plough—because he must do so. We venture to say that four fifths of the entertainments are to journalists intolerable bores. The press is the victim of the public's rapacious and unceasing demand for services without pay. Let us have the best on the right leg.

ENGLISH MANSIONS.

Several of these mansions are historical; they must be seen in order to understand what inheritance in a large family can bring together in the form of treasures. One was mentioned to me where, by a clause in the will, the possessor is bound to invest every year several thousand sterling in silver plate; after having crowded the side-boards, in the end a staircase was made of massive silver. We had the opportunity of seeing in the retrospective exhibition an entire collection of precious embroideries and works of art, sent by Lord Hereford. In 1848, he said, to one of his French friends, greatly disquieted and a little put out, "I have a mansion in Wales which I have never seen, but which I am told is very fine. Every day dinner for twelve is served there. Just before sitting down up the door in case I should arrive. The butler eats the dinner. Go thither; make yourself at home; you see that it will cost you a farthing." Naturally, fine things accumulate in these wealthy hands. Baroness Burdett Coutts, Lord Ellesmere, and the Marquis of Westminster, possess picture galleries which would do honor to a minor state. Ellesmere has in their rooms, as lofty as the gallery of the Louvre, a number of Poussins, the best Flemish painters, above all three Titians of medium size—"Diana and Actæon," "Diana and Callisto," and "Venus leaving the Waters," —of a warm amber color, of the richest and most lively beauty. The Marquis of Westminster has, in two galleries and four enormous rooms, 183 pictures, with accompaniments of busts, statues, bronzes, enamels, malachite vases, six large Rubens, three Titians, one Raffaelle, two Rembrandts, a number of Claudes, chosen from amid the finest. These Italian masters are but samples, and it would require too much space to mention them all. In another tour I saw Bridgewater Palace, near Wendover, belonging to the Duke of Marlborough. This is a sort of Louvre, formerly presented by the nation to the first captain, built in the style of the period, much ornamented. Several rooms are as lofty as the nave of a church, the library is a hundred feet long; an inner chapel contains the monument of the founder, one gallery displays the family portraits, another contains porcelain, several others paintings. The park is two miles in circumference—magnificent trees, a large stream of water, crossed by an ornamental bridge, a column bearing the statue of the first duke; a private cabinet containing, under Titian's name, twelve copies, being the term of the god—voluptuous figures of life size, presented by the Princess of Italy to the conqueror of Louis XVI. In the apartments are works by Reynolds, five or six large portraits by Vandyke, a Madonna by Rafaelle, two Rubens, where sensuality, passion, audacity, genius overflow like a river in splendors and enormities.

—The amusing performances of some of the "lucky diggers," who never possessed property before, are scarcely credible. The best story we have heard is of a digger who came down with $3,000, and paid a man $2 a day as his companion to help him to spend it.

HOME CULTURE.

XXV.

SELF-TRAINING;

A COMPANION TO THE

"YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND,"

Compiled to Suit Life in America.

BY

MRS. H. O. WARD.

CHAPTER VIII.

SALUTATIONS—POLITE AGENCY.

The salutation is the touch-stone of good breeding.—Saint Loup.

"That self-respect which is at the same time always so full of respect toward others is the peculiar ornament of court life."—Auerbach.

"What we call 'formulas' are not in their origin lies, but are expressions of good. Formula is method, habitude; found wherever man is found. Formulas fashion them selves as paths do, as beaten highways, leading toward some sacred or high object, whither many men are bent. Consider it: One man full of heartfelt earnest impulse finds out a way of doing somewhat—were it uttering of the soul's reverence for the High-est; were it but of the humblest to his fellow man. An inventor was needed to do that, a poet, he has translated the dim struggling thought that dwelt in his own and many hearts. This is his way of doing that; those that follow, beginning of a Path.' And now see, the second man travels naturally in the footsteps of his foregoer; it is the easiest method. In the footsteps of his foregoer; yet with improvements, with changes where such seem good; at all events with enlargements, the Path ever widening itself as more travel it; till at last there is a broad highway whereon the whole world may travel and drive. While there remains a rag or a sinew, or any reality to drive to, at the farthest end, the Highway shall be right welcome."—Carlyle.

"A bow," says La Fontaine, "is a note drawn at sight. You are bound to acknowledge it immediately, and to the full amount."

According to circumstances, it should be respectful, cordial, civil or familiar. An inclination of the head is often sufficient between gentlemen, or a gesture of the hand under certain circumstances, or the mere touching of the hat; but to bowing to a lady the hat must be lifted. If you know people slightly and recognize them slightly; if you know them well, you bow with more cordiality. The body is not bent at all in bowing low in the days of the old-school forms of politeness; the inclination of the head is all that is necessary. One's own judgment ought to be sufficient as to the appropriateness of the salutation. In bowing to a lady, the hat is only lifted from the head, not held out at arm's length for a view of the interior. If smoking, the gentleman manages to with-draw his cigar before lifting his hat; or, should he happen to have his hand in his pocket, he must remove it. Gentlemen who are divine are often embarrassed by bowing acquaintances. They are obliged to keep a tight hold of the reins; and this is impossible if they remove their hats. A well-bred foreigner would never dream of saluting a lady by raising his whip to his hat. American gentlemen have taken this custom, but it would be still better if they would set the fashion of bowing without touching the hat or raising the hand, as is done now in their driving. Our ideas of what constitutes politeness in such points are entirely controlled by custom, and it is even an understood thing that gentlemen who are driving are not expected to take off their hats, but to simply nod instead. This is a little lower, perhaps, than when the hat is lifted, which would be accepted as in good form by all sensible people. It certainly is a more respectful form of salutation than raising the whip, which seems to have never yet become habituated to this modern innovation.

A well bred person instinctively bows the moment that he recognizes an acquaintance, at the instant of the first meeting of the eyes. According to the rule of courts, and of good society, every person to whom one has been introduced to you, or any lady to whom you have been introduced is entitled to this mark of respect. A bow does not entail a calling acquaintance, and to neglect it, shows neglect in early education, as well as a deficiency of consideration and the habits of a gentleman; so that the truth of Saint Loup's assertion, that the bow is the touch-stone of good breeding, is made good.

Its entire neglect reveals the character and the training of the man; the manner of its observance reveals the very nature of the feeling that exist between the ill-bred and the well bred. A gentleman walking with a lady returns a bow lifting his hat, when he has not too far from his head. It is a civility to the lady to whom he is walking to know the one who is bowing to you. The more cultivated a person is, the more prompt he will be found in such civilities. Either the one who bows knows you, or he has mistaken you for some one else. In either case, you should return the bow, and not neglect the pronounde. Young gentlemen are over sensitive about these matters, and imagine that there must be a reason for the apparent indifference. That the lady invites him to her house is an evidence in regard, but she cannot charge her memory with the features of her multitude of young acquaintances, and she always gives the benefit of courtesy to them all. Young persons often wait for the recognition of the elder, having been instructed that they may not speak to the elder to show the first recognition. No books can replace the training of parents in such matters, or the instruction of boards. "Il vaut mieux ne pas savoir, que de savoir mal," is a good motto; and he who can read a book upon good manners that did not find glaring errors in its pages, unless "The Perfect Gentleman" be excepted. The case introduction that entitles to recognition, having been once made, it is the duty of the younger person to remember it himself or herself to the recollection of the elder person by bowing each time of meeting, until the recognition is given. It is the duty of the elder to bow to the younger, and it may be in some cases an evidence of the lady which the young have of showing their appreciation of courtesy or extended notice by the old or middle aged. Those who have large circles of acquaintance often confuse the faces of the young whom they meet, and the old whose faces wish they must and do not know, and from frequent errors of this kind they get into the habit of waiting to catch some look or gesture of recognition. Only persons of a limited acquaintance, or kings and queens, who have chamberlains or homme-riatres to utter in low tones the names of those whom they approach, can be expected to remember the faces and names of all who have been introduced to them; and no king, nor queen, nor any man or woman possessing culture and self-respect, would pass knowingly an acquaintance without a salutation, unless that person had forfeited the claim which an introduction imposes.

Should any one really wish to avoid a bowing acquaintance with a person who has once been properly introduced, he may do so by looking aside or dropping the eyes as the person approaches; but if the eyes meet in any or alternative, bow he must. Bowing once to a person passing upon a public promenade or drive is all that civility requires. If the person is a friend, it is in better form, the second and subsequent passings, should you catch his eye, to smile slightly, instead of bowing repeatedly. If he is an acquaintance, it is best to avert the eyes. A bow should never be accompanied by a broad smile, even where you are well acquainted; although cultivated men and women of the world seldom fail, when they bow, to let that beam of good will lighten their eyes, which distinguishes the recognition of such from a distant bow of the passant to his superior, in which not a muscle moves and there is no lighting up of the eyes, but instead an expression that seems to betoken entire vacuity of mind.

Truly "manners are the outward and visible tokens of inward and spiritual grace or disgrace," as Rev. Charles Kingsley has so well said, "and flow instinctively, whether good or bad, from the instincts of the inner nature." Never were truer words spoken or written, and every day's experience of a thinking man or woman gives testimony as to its truth.

"I know a duke; well—let him pass—
I may not call his grace an ass,
Though if I did I'd do no wrong—
Save to the asses and my song.

The duke is neither wise nor good;
He gambles, drinks, scorns womankood,
And at the age of forty
Is worn and battered as three-score.

I know a waiter in Pall Mall
Who works and waits and moves well;
Is gentle, courteous and refined,
And has a magnet in his mind.

What is it makes his graceless grace
So like a jockey out of place?
What makes the waiter—tell who can—
So very like a gentleman?

Perhaps their mothers! God is great!
Perhaps 'tis accident—or fate!
Perhaps because—hold not my pen!—
We rain breed horses, but not men!"

The two most elegant men of their day, Charles II. and George IV., never failed to take off their hats to the meanest of their subjects. Always bear this in mind, and remember that, even in this age of deteriorated manners, there are many ladies and gentlemen of cultivation who never pass any one whom they know without some token of recognition, according to the class of the person, or, if of their own class, according to the degree of the acquaintanceship. How in contrast to the manners of these Americans who have enjoyed the influence of refined homes, as well as that of distinguished circles abroad, are the manners of those other Americans who, not possessing the advantages of transmitted culture, and who, confining their life abroad to American circles, become inflated with purse-proud and snobbish ideas, bowing when they choose, and neglecting to bow when they choose, and vainly striving to impress others with a sense of the self importance that they often manifest in uncultivated minds. "A gentleman cannot cut a lady under any circumstances whatever," is the one invariable rule of good society; but when a woman makes herself conspicuous by rouged cheeks, blackened eye-lids, enamelled complexion, or cigarettes in dress or conduct, a man may surely be excused who persists in not meeting her eyes. The woman who, after having once seen that she is avoided, continues to call attention to herself, cannot possess sufficient refinement to make it possible to avoid her meetings by avoiding her. In bowing to a lady, according to the strictest lines, politeness requires the hat to be entirely lifted from the head, if circumstances permit. If it were otherwise, it would be useless to say that it would be preferable, for many reasons which all gentlemen will understand. There is now a movement on foot in Europe to institute this reform, but the young should not be the ones to lead in such innovations, anywhere. The witty saying: "All reformers end by becoming martyrs," has passed into a proverb. However, even martyrdom has its redeeming traits. Those who have once endured it, though only a social martyrdom such as anyone is liable to encounter who moves in any social reform, are able to rise through it if they will, into a higher atmosphere.

Social reform, or domestic troubles even, may seem of too small moment to speak of in connection with martyrdom, but as there is no description of torture that can equal that of the prolonged dropping of water upon the head, so men will succumb to like small things, who would have walked up to the scaffold with fortitude of soul and unflinching nerves. Happy he who survives the torture, and reaches that place of life from which he can look down upon the clamoring crowd, and feel himself far above their reach.

Of the many souls that are ever reaching forward to attain this height, sometimes dwelling upon it, yet often led down from it by the temptations that assail humanity, none hold a more secure possession than do they who have learned to look with compassion upon their assailers. None who harbor hatred or revenge in their hearts can ever hope to find a foothold there. Nor is it a place for lifers. Work is one of the conditions of occupancy. The man whose carefully furrowed and planted field is sown with tares by his enemy, while its owner sleeps, and who, listening not to the voice of the tempter, refuses to hire him, "for he was a maxim that a young woman should never be married until she had spun her self's set of body linen. Then it was done. From this custom all unmarried women were termed "spinsters."

The term "blue stocking" is often applied to a class of ladies of literary pretensions, but, originally, it was conferred on a society of literary persons of both sexes in England, organized in 1780. The society derived its name from the blue worsted stockings always worn by Benjamin Stillingfleet, a distinguished writer, who was one of the most active promoters of the association. This term was subsequently conferred on literary ladies, from the fact that the accomplished and spectacling Mrs. Jerningham wore blue stockings at the social and literary entertainments given by the celebrated Lady Mary Montagu.

SINGING HEARTS.—Singing hearts are ever a blessing unto themselves. A song is joy-giving. He who can sing sweetly in the undertone of his inner nature carries a rare pleasure with him always. Hard things appear to him easy; heavy burdens seem light. Sorrow may knock often at his door, but it seldom enters his home or his heart; and when it does, and the clouds obscure the sunlight, when the soul walks down into the night and sees never a star, ah, then, trebly bless is the singing heart!

WHERE SOME STAPLE ARTICLES COME FROM.—Russia leather is made in Connecticut; Bordeaux wine is manufactured in California; French lace is woven in New York; Italian marble is dug in Kentucky; Marseilles linen is produced in Massachusetts; English cassimere is made in New Hampshire; Parisian art-work comes from a shop in Boston; Spanish mackerel are caught on the New Jersey coast, and Havana cigars are rolled by the million in Chicago.

COMPLIMENTARY TITLES.

The word "husband" is Anglo-Saxon, and signifies the "bond of the house," or "family house-head," as by him the family is formed, united and bound together, and on his death is dissolved and scattered. Hence we account for farmers and gentry landholders being called, in early as the twelfth century, "husbandmen," as appears in a statute of David II., King of Scotland. This etymology of the word appears plainer in the other orthography of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, in which the word is often found written "house-bond."

The words "bachelor" and "girl," the first of which, being formerly held as synonymous with "young man" or "swordbearer," may be regarded as the parallel and corresponding term to the other. It may not be regarded as a very flattering circumstance that it is, nevertheless, true, that the etymology of each of these terms leaves us, in tracing their derivations, to conclude that, for the latter we must choose between the Saxon word carl or churl and the Latin word garrula, a garrulous female. If the latter of these derivations be correct, we shall say in this case that the term girl has departed much from its original signification.

As for bachelors, etymology is still less kind, and still less decisive with respect to the meaning of their distinctive designations. One philologist refers the term to a Greek word, plainly signifying fool-hardy, while another derives it from bas chevalier (French), a knight of the very lowest grade. By some the word is traced to the Latin baculus (a staff), because bachelors in their old age have nothing but a stick or cane long to lean upon. Another worthy commentator and improver upon Johnson, Mr. H. F. Todd, believes "the most probable derivation to be from beets laurus, the berry of a laurel or bay tree. Scholars being young, and of good hopes, like laureals in the berry." While duly considering each of these theories, the reader will probably conclude that the French derivation of bas chevalier is, after all, the true original of bachelor. In gentlemen of that class in society may, it is true, defend their position with the pertinent argument that a vast change has taken place in the significance of words. In the seventeenth century the term of "Miss," as applied to the gentle sex, was considered a word of endearment, as Cross, who is particularly mentioned in Hayne's Epilogue to Fanjuhar's "Love in a Bottle," about 1703, was the first actress announced as Miss.

The words "sir" and "madame" are derived by Max Muller from the Latin through the Norman, madame being a corruption of the Latin mea domina (my mistress), and sieur a corruption of senior —a translation of the German word lady. Domina is defined in Leverett's Latin-English lexicon thus: "Domina, a mistress, lady. This was a title of honor. Roman ladies from their fourteenth year." In Riddle & Arnold's English-Latin Lexicon we find "madame" (mia) "mia" defined in Latin thus: "Madame, domina mea, as a title of respect; of an unmarried lady, domina." Upon these authorities it is argued as proper to regard madame as the correct term to be used in addressing unmarried ladies as well as those who are married. In this connection we find, in Spier's & Surrenne's French Dictionary, that "madam" is given as a definition in English of both madame and mademoiselle; in French. Thus, "Madame, madam, mistress, my lady. Mademoiselle, miss, madam."

In Nugent's French Dictionary they are given thus: "Madame, my lady, ladyship, madam, mistress. Mademoiselle, madam, miss." Mademoiselle being the diminutive title of young unmarried ladies in French, and madam being given as its equivalent or definition in English equally with it, it seems proper to address a young unmarried lady as "madam," since madam in English has the same sense as mademoiselle in French.

In the English dictionaries the word "madam" is defined as follows. In Johnson: "Madam, a term of civility addressed used in address to ladies of every degree; the common title of ladies." In Worcester: "Madam, a term of compliment, and in address to a gentlewoman; a title given to a respectable elderly lady; also, to ladies of every degree. Madame, my lady, ladyship; a title of respect for a married lady." Webster defines it thus: "Madam, an appellative or complimentary title given to married and elderly ladies, or chiefly to them." In the later editions we find the following modification: "Madam, the same as madame. Madame, my lady; gentlewoman, a complimentary or courteous form of address to a lady, especially an elderly or married lady."

The appellation of "grass widow" is said to be of French origin, from the French grace, implying a widow by courtesy. The word "fiancé" is said to emanate from the French malfleurette (my little flower), a term applied to their young lady friends by the court-fool of Louis XIV.'s Court. The title Lady is derived from the Anglo Saxon, and literally means "giver of bread." Formerly, it was a maxim that a young woman should never be married until she had spun herself a set of body linen. From this custom all unmarried women were termed "spinsters."

The term "blue stocking" is often applied to a class of ladies of literary pretensions, but, originally, it was conferred on a society of literary persons of both sexes in England, organized in 1780. The society derived its name from the blue worsted stockings always worn by Benjamin Stillingfleet, a distinguished writer, who was one of the most active promoters of the association. This term was subsequently conferred on literary ladies, from the fact that the accomplished and spectacling Mrs. Jerningham wore blue stockings at the social and literary entertainments given by the celebrated Lady Mary Montagu.

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—The first Omnibuses in Paris.—The prejudice against omnibusses on their first introduction into Paris in 1828 was so great that the venture threatened to be a failure. It was saved from that fate by the young Duchess de Berri. She had made a bet that she would travel through Paris in an omnibus, and she did so. But although she had been able to preserve her incognito during the journey, she betrayed herself on alighting by handing the conductor for his fare a 500f. note. Her wager, however, made the fortune of the omnibuses, which at once became the fashion with the bourgeoisie.

—The favorite kind of bean-trees—Locks of hair and love letters.

MY GIRL.

BY JOHN S. ADAMS.

I.

A little corner with its curls,
A little queen of pinafores,
A little locket so pearly white,
A little rubber ring to bite.

II.

A little plate all loitered round,
A little fork in mouth,
A little creeping—see! she stands!
A little step variet outstretched hands.

III.

A little doll with flaxen hair
A little willow rocking-chair,
A little stock with fuzzy pockets,
A little pair of gaiters blue.

IV.

A little school day after day,
A little schoolma'am to obey,
A little step—home—up past,
A little graduate at last.

V.

A little muff for winter weather,
A little jockey hat and feather,
A little frock with fuzzy pockets,
A little chain, and ring, and locksts.

VI.

A little white to dance and bow,
A little escort homeward now,
A little lover, sweet but late,
A little lingering at the gate.

VII.

A little walk in leafy June,
A little talk while chimes the moon,
A little reference to papa,
A little pleading with mamma.

VIII.

A little ceremony grave,
A little struggle to be brave,
A little cottage on the lawn,
A little kiss—my girl is gone.

—St. Nicholas.

# FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "WIFE IN NAME ONLY," "A BRIDE FROM THE SEA," ETC.

## CHAPTER VII.

Night on the sea! Innumerable stars shone in the sky, luminent, bright, and vast—reflected in the waves. A western wind, sweet as the breath of Spring, had swept over the land and sea, stirring the blue waves and crowning them with foam. But now the stillness of the sea was something marvelous and beautiful; it was as though the great dark shadow of night brooded over the waters—a stillness broken only by the rushing of the water through the paddle-wheels of the steamer. Slowly the line of lights round the coast disappeared, and at last land was out of sight; there was nothing visible but the heaving, silvery waters and the sky above.

Lady Caraven sat on deck; the steward-ess had advised her to go to the ladies' cabin, but she declined. Why seek the close, warm cabin while the stars were shining on the sea! The Captain had brought a comfortable seat for her; she had a warm shawl. A distant harp stirred the young wife's heart; perhaps, when Lord Caraven saw her there alone, he might come and talk to her.

She saw him once or twice. Once he asked her if she enjoyed the beauty of the night, and her answer was "Yes;" then, as though he had fulfilled a duty with an air of relief he walked away. She was left to her thoughts—and they were strange ones.

This was her wedding-day. Her hus-band was the tall, proud, handsome man who awaited her at the end of the watch she sat. They were husband and wife, yet they had scarcely exchanged three words; it was so strange that there were times when she fancied it must be a dream. Was this anything like love? The wind kissed the waves; the stars shone reflected in the water; and with a sharp, keen, sweet memory there came to her words she had read only a few short days before—

"I have gone mad—I love you—let me die!"

—the words Elaine spoke when first her heart opened to the knowledge of her love.

Was the time for such love as this gone by? Had the current of men's lives been so completely changed that love had be-come a contract—a business arrangement? If so, she wished that she had lived in Elaine's days. Would to heaven that some kind breeze, or the sweet words she sat. They were husband and wife, yet they had scarcely exchanged three words; it was so strange that there were times when she fancied it must be a dream. Was this anything like love? The wind kissed the waves; the stars shone reflected in the water; and with a sharp, keen, sweet memory there came to her words she had read only a few short days before—

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Was the time for such love as this gone by? Had the current of men's lives been so completely changed that love had be-come a contract—a business arrangement? If so, she wished that she had lived in Elaine's days. Would to heaven that some kind breeze, or the sweet words had been here—some faint breath of that mighty passion that had worked so much evil and so much good.

She looked across the deck; her husband—how strangely the word sounded—was leaning over the rails, talking to some stranger. The moon shone full on his handsome face, on the fair, clustering hair. Surely no knight of old was ever more comely. Did he love her? He never had loved her, or he would never have married her.

But what manner of love was this? If she could but forget all she had read, and learn to look on love as he evinced it; if she could but lay these ghosts that seemed to haunt her pages of the nightfall pas-sion that ever stirred men's hearts; if she could but still the beating heart, the beat-ing pulse! That was but an old world love, clear-cut face and noble head—her hus-band, whom, that very day, she had sworn to love and honor. He was smiling at something that his companion had said, a cold, clear, bright smile—cold and bright as the moonlight. She had a right to cross the deck and speak to him, if she liked; she had a right to go to him, to lay her hand on his arm, to call him by his name.

If she did, would a gleam of tenderness flash into the handsome face, or would he turn half haughtily away? Should she go to him and say, "My husband, love me a little. I am young, I am lonely and de-solate—love me a little. Hold my hands in yours, let me stand by your side. Do not step so far from me!" What was it Elaine had cried?

"And I must die for want of one bold word."

Should she let the starlight pass, the witching, lonely night pass, and say noth-ing to him? Was this curious silence be-tween them never to be broken? What caused it? What could it mean? Should she go to him and ask him why, if he loved her, he was not with her now? Why, if he did not love her, he had married her? Should she go?

She half rose from her seat. Even if she were imprudent, it would not matter, the silent stars could keep their own secret—they should never tell what passed be-neath them.

Then she hesitated. If he should turn contemptuously away? No, she would not go to him; it was his place to woo, not hers. If he wanted to speak to her, he would know where to find her. She would be wooed; she would not bore her dignity. She had read somewhere or other that men never loved women who sought them.

"So I will not seek him," she said to herself, "though I am not a woman yet—I am only a girl—only eighteen."

It was a fair, troubled, wistful face that was bent over the paddle wake—a face sad with thoughts that should have had no place in her wedding-day.

The earl had seen her rise, and came to her.

"Are you tired?" he asked. "We shall not be very long now; I can see the lights on the French coast. The night is very fine. Are you tired?"

"No, I never tire of the sea," she replied. "Indeed, I should like to live near it."

"Ravensholme is near the sea," he told her. "You can see it from the castle towers."

"I had forgotten that I was to live at Ravensholme, or I should not have said that," she remarked quickly. "I did not know that it was near the sea."

"Your father has two major of the es-tate. Have you not seen them?" he asked.

She looked at him wonderingly.

"Why should I see them?" she asked.

"Certainly not."

"You do not inherit your father's busi-ness talents, then," he said.

But he repented of the words almost be-fore they were uttered.

She did not understand them, or see the meaning of them. She answered quite simply—

"No, I know nothing of business. I care much for study. I often think it strange that my father and I have not one taste in common."

He thought to himself that it was a for-tunate thing. Then he asked her if she had ever been to Paris before—if she should like the centre of the city—if there was any part that she preferred.

"I always stay at the Hotel Meurice, near the Tuileries," he said; "but, if you prefer any other part——"

No. She had been in Paris only once—that was for her holidays. She knew noth-ing of the city. And then the young hus-band looked over the blue waters.

He had shown her due politeness and at-tention. He was ill at ease, and longing to be away again. He did not notice how wistful was the fair young face turned to him. He bowed politely and went away.

She clinched her little hand—she tried to still the beating of her heart. Her hus-band—married that day—yet had he no more to say than this?

The lights on the French coast were close at hand; she could even in the silence, hear the waves breaking on the shore. Amice stood near, with a large carriage-wrap in her hands. Lady Caraven was thinking of her husband when she came to her, or if he would allow her to land with the help of servants. He approached hurriedly.

"We have time for refreshments," he said. "The train will not start for twenty minutes."

They went into the refreshment-room, where he ordered soup and wine. He was solicitous for her comfort, he was attentive to her wants; but she noticed that he spoke to her only when civility dictated that he should speak, and that when he did ad-dress her he never looked at her.

He took his seat by her side in the rail-way carriage. They travelled through the fresh, dewy night, the pleasant air coming in at the open windows. He had carefully provided her with books and newspapers —with railway literature.

"Is this conduct civil," the thought, "that he intends me to read. He has no desire to talk to me."

They did not exchange many words. Sometimes, when the wind blew, he asked her if she was chilly. He offered to close the windows, but she would not allow him to—It was some relief to her to watch the fair sky and the fair earth. This was such a strange wedding trip. She wondered if the time would ever come that he and she would laugh over it—would wonder why they had both been so silent, so reserved. She wondered a thousand things. Would her husband ever laugh and talk gayly, brightly to her, as he had done to the gen-tleman on deck? Would he in time lay aside his reserve, his coldness? Would he ever look pleased or bright?

How strange that he should be so grave, so still—that he had not even one kind word to say to her on this their wedding-day! How strange that he paid her no compliment, never asked her opinion on any subject, never treated her otherwise than with the courtesy due to a stranger.

She was obliged continually to remind herself that he had asked her to be his wife. He must have cared for her, or he would not have married her. He was not a demonstrative man, perhaps. Then she turned slowly from the sky to the hand-some high bred face near her. He was reading intently, never looking up from his book. It was not the face of a cold-hearted cynic—far from it. Then her eyes wandered slowly away again.

The lovely dawn was flushing in the skies, the birds were singing, the air seemed to stir with new life—it was the dawn of another day. How often would the sun rise and set before she would understand the strange silence of the hus-band by her side—how many weary dawns would there be?

Suddenly—she could not tell why—her eyes filled with tears. The sky, the trees, the distant hills, were all blurred and in-distinct. She experienced a keen sense of desolation that no words could express. She would have given anything to be back with her father again.

"Paris at last!" said Lord Caraven. "What a long journey it has been! I am always longing for some motive power greater than steam—I should like to travel more quickly."

But she had no laughing answer. It had struck her that no husband ought to find the journey with his wife long or tiresome. Again the sweet, wild words of Elaine came to her—

"I have gone mad—I love you—let me die!"

There was neither love nor madness here.

Paris at last—Paris in the gray morning hours. Lord Caraven led her to the hotel; and then, for the first time, it seemed to her, he spoke kindly. He said:

"You look very tired—should advise you to get some rest. I always find a cigar and the morning air most refreshing after a journey."

Half an hour afterward she stood alone in her room. She looked at herself in the tall mirror. It was a pale face, with wist-ful, shadowed eyes. As she saw herself, she was fatigued in body and in mind, yet she could not sleep. If she only knew what was passing in the mind of her hus-band's, that had never yet been expressed in words.

## CHAPTER VIII.

A week had passed since Lady Caraven reached Paris—a strange week. She had seen but little of her husband. He never took breakfast with her; they met at din-ner, and twice he had taken her to the opera. He never interfered in the least with any of her affairs. He sent up her letters unopened, and never even inquired from whom they came. He sent every morning to ask if she had any particular wish for that day—if there was any place she desired to see. At first she said "Yes," and went to the different places of amuse-ment. He accompanied her, but she could not avoid thinking that he was slightly bored by her presence. The great theatres he sent she declined, and he did not remon-strate; he made no remark, and she felt quite sure that he was relieved by her refusal.

When they went to the opera, they were never alone—he always secured some com-panion. It seemed to Hildred that he was quite as much a stranger as on the first day he entered the Hotlies. "Shall I ever be part of his life?" she thought. "Shall I grow to be heart of his heart, soul of his soul? Shall I ever know what he likes and what he likes not, what he loves?"

She had, indeed, no part in his existence—he lived as though she were not. He had fulfilled his part of the contract by giving her his name, his rank, his pos-tion. That a living, beating human heart might long for more did not occur to him. He never dreamed for an his wife; the chances were that, if any one had asked him suddenly if he was married, he would have said "No."

He had paid the forfeit of his folly by being in some measure compelled to burden himself with this young girl.

And it was a burden. He did not care to look at the wistful, girlish face, to meet the dark eyes eloquent with a thousand thoughts, to see the perfect lips quiver and tremulous. He was not of an unkindly nature. He was indolent, careless, selfish in most things, but, not unkindly, he would not, if he knew it, cause deliberate pain—he could not have enjoyed the tor-ture of anything created. It was said of him that he had turned away sick and faint at witnessing the death-agony of a bird he had wounded, but not killed. Such a man could not be deliberately wantonly cruel; and this wistful, girlish face, with the dark, sad eyes, troubled him.

At first he was surprised—considerably surprised at his wife. He thought to himself that the daughter of a man like Lawyer Ran-some, sharp, shrewd and cunning, must be-have some of his proposition—that she would occupy herself with small intrigues and manœuvres of all kinds.

She did nothing of the sort; she was quiet and grave, calm, self-possessed. He did not even dream of the unstirred depths of passion and tenderness in her girlish heart.

It was decidedly tiresome having a wife. True, he saw little of her—for days to-gether they sometimes did not exchange a word; but people had begun to look upon him as a married man, and he did not like it—when he met him, they asked how Lady Caraven was.

"Lady Caraven!" He smiled scornfully to himself, remembering the fair and stately dames who had borne that name; remem-bering the dark-eyed girl who now bore it, he smiled in bitterest scorn. He had never been one of those men who look forward to marriage as the one great end and aim of life. It had never had any great charm for him, even in the days when he was free to dream as he would; but his visions had been of a golden-haired love, radiant and fair—the wife, the daughter of a man who had, as it were, outwitted him—the child of a man who had dealt him foul play in his youth. He shuddered at the very thought of it.

He was not given to thought—the rules of right and wrong had not troubled him very much, but he had always felt that it was wrong to have married a girl he did not like—wrong to leave a young wife so entirely alone. He never thought of these things; he only remembered that marriage was a burden to him, that his wife's presence was some kind of mute reproach; that he was a thousand times happier away from her than with her.

Certainly he felt the burden less at Paris than he would have felt it elsewhere, be-cause there was always something to oc-cupy him and distract his thoughts, there were always some kind friends to relieve him of the ennui and tediousness of his ex istence.

One evening he was rather startled by Hildred. There was a favorite singer at the opera, and they went to hear her. She was very fair, and the gentlemen were busily engaged in discussing her. With Lord and Lady Caraven was a French-man, the Comte de Quesne, a great ad mirer of fair women. The conversation kept up chiefly between the two gentle-men, was about the charming actress.

"She is of the real English type," said the comte, "and the English ladies are so fair—they are adorable."

"I think myself," remarked the earl, "that a full-haired English girl is cer-tainly the loveliest object in creation."

The comte laughed.

"You order the blondes to the brunettes, then?" he said.

"Certainly," replied Lord Caraven. "I do not see how a woman can be beautiful unless she be fair."

He had entirely forgotten his young girl wife with the dark eyes and the dusky face. He would not have wantonly pained her, but he had forgotten her presence. She heard the words. At the time she made no remark, although they burned into her heart like fire.

The comte went home with them, and they were followed by another friend, but she found an opportunity of speaking to her husband when the other gentlemen were busy with the cards, and Caraven had withdrawn to look over some letters that had just arrived. She summoned up courage and went up to him.

"Lord Caraven," she said, "would you mind telling me one thing?"

He looked up in wonder—it was so sel-dom that she voluntarily addressed him. As he looked he was slightly impressed with her appearance; the tall, slender figure was draped in soft, shining silk, the girlish face was flushed with the effort of speaking to him, the dark eyes were bright and sparkling, and she looked unutterable thoughts. He could not help owning to himself that there was some beauty in the pale coils of dark hair, in the tall, slim, graceful figure, in the perfect grace and harmony. She was simply, yet beauti-fully, dressed; a pomegranate blossom lay in the coils of her hair.

"I want you to tell me one thing," she repeated.

"If you admire fair girls with golden hair, why did you marry me, with hair and eyes so dark?"

She asked the question in such perfect good faith, with such earnest tones, with such sad, sweet eyes, that she was touched, not deeply, but as he would have been had some child come to him with trembling lips to ask a pitiful question.

"Why," she pursued, "if that was the case, did you marry me?

"You know why I married you," he re-plied, gravely. "Why ask me the ques-tion?"

He saw the vivid color spread over her face, a bright light shine in her eyes. The simple girl thought and believed he meant that she knew he had married her because he loved her. Her heart gave a great, glad bound. He loved her! She would understand better in time, she would know why he seemed reserved, reticent, cold, and indifferent.

"You know why I married you," the handsome earl had said; and she words almost danced in her brain with a strange, sweet pain.

"I will try to remember," she said gently.

Dull as was his ear, he heard new music in her voice.

"You will remember what?" he asked.

"I will remember why you have mar-ried me," she replied; and as she went away, he wondered greatly.

"I should not think that she is likely to forget it," he said to himself. "Certainly women are puzzles. She will try to re-member why I married her—and the words seemed like melted music on her lips, a light that was like sunshine on flowers spread over her face. Why, I married her because her father sold her for a title, and she was willing to be sold!"

To those dying hours then there the fall of dew is a boon. To Lady Caraven the earl's few words seemed full of meaning; she said them over and over again to herself—

"You know why I married you." She said them with many varieties of accent, with different intonations, and each time that she repeated them they seemed to mean more and more. For some hours she felt much happier. It was like a break in the cold tide of indifference. She kept expecting kinder words to follow, but they did not. Lord Caraven did not appear to remember what he had said. He even went out that evening after the "little supper" was over. She heard a whisper of "bil-liards."

Nothing came of the one solitary dream of kindness. The next day Hildred did not see the earl at all; he went over to St. Cloud with some of his friends. The slight gleam of happiness died away, the old feeling of desolation came back to her. The Countess de Quesne called and pressed her to go out, but the girl was sick at heart. It was such a strange life—married without love, without even friendship or liking—married, yet living with her husband as though she were the merest stranger—his wife, bearing his name, sharing his fate, yet knowing no more of him than did the low-est servant in the household; his thoughts, his mind, his plans, his desires, his inter-ests, his amusements, his pleasures, were all strange to her. It was an unheard-of position, an unheard-of life.

"If I did not know that he had married me because he loved me, I should say rather that he did not like me," was a thought which had often occurred to her, but she drove it away as unworthy. "If I were beautiful," thought the lonely girl, "I should think that he had married me for my beauty—if I had grand connections, for them; but I none—I have nothing—my love has stooped to me from high estate. I shall never understand what he saw in me to make him love me."

She had paid so little attention to the words that she did not even remember that she had been called "Arley Ransome's heiress." Of all the ideas that occurred to her, the one that she had been married for her money was the furthest from her thoughts.

Three weeks had passed away, and Lord Caraven began to wonder how much longer he was to remain in Paris. If he had been free to follow his own inclinations, they would have led him to the gaming tables at Baden-Baden. But, as he said impatiently, he had no idea of going there with a whole train of people to look after.

How long would she expect to remain in Paris? The honeymoon—that most absurd of all institutions—was supposed to last a month. It would be better, perhaps, to re-main there until it was over, and then go to Ravensholme. He would be more com-fortable there. The house was spacious, and it would be possible for him to move about without being haunted by the girlish, wistful face. So in Paris, until the honey-moon was over, he decided on remaining.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## BISMARCK AND HIS BOOTS.

Before Otto Bismarck had reached his seventeenth year he was at the university. He wished to go to Heidelberg, but the mother preferred Gottingen. She was afraid that the art of imbibing enormous tankards in the—an art so assiduously cultivated in the former town that it may almost be said to form part of the curricu-lum—would become a habit with her son. "A beer-vat cannot scale a mountain, and you have one before you, on the top of which is Fame," said she. Otto confirmed to the wishes of his mother, and to Gottin-gen he went. He was by no means a straight-laced young man; he joined in every amusement of the student life, dressed like them, adopted their ways and manners. He was foremost in freaks of all kinds, but displayed that strong will and determination for which he afterward became so famous. Having been invited to a ball, at which the prettiest girls in the village were to be present, our young student orders a pair of varnished boots for the occasion. As the eventful day drew near, and the boots were not sent home, he grew uneasy, the more so as his young friends kept repeating to him, "You'll not have your boots; the shoe-maker disappoints every one." "I'll have them in spite of that," replied the future Chancellor. The day before the enter-tainment Bismarck entered the shop. "And my boots" asks he. "I am very sorry, sir," is the reply, but I have so many orders on hand for to-morrow's ball——" "Ah, is that it?" cries the furious youngster; and, banging the door behind him, he leaves the house. A quarter of an hour afterward he comes back, accompan-ied by two of those enormous dogs which the German students are in the habit of feeding at the expense of their associates. "You see these dogs?" This to St. Crispin —"Yes." "Well I swear that they'll tear you to pieces if you do not send my boots by to-morrow afternoon." With this he went out again. But a commissionaire, with cap in hand, was kept stationed in front of the dwelling, reminding the poor fellow at every minute, "Do not forget Mr. Bismarck's boots." He had but the night to finish them. At 10 o'clock he closes his shop, resigning himself to pass the hours on his stool instead of in his bed. Suddenly the stillness is broken by the barking of the dogs, and the voice of their master singing, "Such of my soul, your life is in danger! Remember your family!" The following day the boots were sent home in time.

LOCOMOTIVES IN THE UNITED KING-DOM.—At the close of 1876 the number of locomotives possessed by the railway com-panies of the United Kingdom amounted to 12,994. Thus the engineemen and firemen alone, without reckoning fitters, smiths, and other mechanics whose time is devoted to the manufacture or the repairs of the lo-comotive, must be upwards of 25,000 in number.

## OUR PARIS LETTER.

PARIS, November 16, 1877.

The weather is settling to be what M. Mau-talini euphoniously terms "demoiré damp, cold, moist and disagreeable," but not with standing that, and the political situation (which is also muddled) all goes on the same. It does not appear to interfere with either pleasure or business. The streets are as crowded, the theatres are crowded, private festivities (especially those in honor of the distinguished American guests) are of constant-ing on the tapis. In a few days he is to be en-tertained at the palatial mansion of Mrs. J. W. Mackay, in the Avenue du Bois (Bonassa). Every one in a certain set in the American Colony is on the tip-toe of expectation, as "on dit" that it is to be an entertainment "de premier ordre."

A VISIT TO CAPOUL.

While taking a stroll along the Rue de la Paix, the thought suggested itself of my go-ing into the establishment of M. Worth as this gen-tleman's premises are open to all com-ers, and I was desirous of seeing what I could see

### THE MISSING SHIP.

Night gallantly, that morning hour,
From harbor she sailed forth,
Five hundred sunny hearts on board,
A thousand hopes of worth.

A little kingdom on the sea,
A little heaven of hopes,
And wheeled beneath the winds,
And seamen at the ropes.

Oh, what a picture gallery
Was in fellow voyagers walks!
Each man was painting out his dream
Of woods and waterfalls.

Of cares defied bowing in the sun;
Of life on sweet green reward:
These were to-day across the sea,
And he of all, the lord!

No wonder true, though hard to part
From all beloved of yore,
That such a shout rang from the ship,
And such a shout from shore!

They want. They're gone from mortal ken,
God only knoweth where,
Full many a fathom deep, perchance,
Each with his dream at rest.

## Summoned to Save.

In a quiet street in one of those sedate, old-fashioned quarters of Paris, which have somehow escaped the touch of Baron Haussmann's transforming wand, there stood, some ten years ago, the shop of one Narcisse Chapelain, hairdresser, or—to give M. Chapelain his full style and title as announced to the world on the sign over the window—"Artiste Coiffeur, Hair Merchant, and Perruquier."

Monsieur Chapelain's establishment, like the quarter in which it stood, was an old date and old fashioned, with little in its appearance to indicate that its proprietor was one of the most fashionable and exclusive coiffeurs in Paris, an artist for whose services duchesses contended, and who waited on his "clients" at their residences in his own neat coupe.

One sunny afternoon in early Spring, when the whirl and gaiety of the Parisian season were at their height, a cornetted carriage drew up at the hairdresser's door, and a young English lady—a graceful, aristocratic looking girl of one or two and twenty—alighted and entered the shop. The master was engaged at the moment; but one of the assistants came forward as she appeared, and after a few low spoken words, ushered her into an inner room—a little nest of gilding and mirrors—placed a chair, and vanished.

Lady Gertrude Vansittart put back her veil, disclosing a delicate oval face with features of purest outline, a complexion like a cream white rose, and soft serious blue eyes shaded by dark lashes. Her hair, of which only a narrow line was visible beneath her bonnet, was of a rare and most lovely shade of tawny gold, bright as sunshine, soft as silk, and rippled like that of Titian's Fornarina.

Lady Gertrude had time to look at every print in the illustrated papers on the table, before Monsieur Chapelain appeared, profuse in apologies for having kept her waiting. He was a little, spare, withered man, close shaven, exquisitely dressed, and artfully wigged, who might have been of any age from forty to sixty, and of any rank from a marquis to a dancing master.

"I have heard with profound regret," he said, as he advanced with a bow, "that since Mademoiselle had favored me with a visit she has been seriously ill. May I be permitted to offer congratulations on her recovery, before inquiring in what I can have the honor of serving her to-day?"

"I will leave you to guess what service I require of you when I have taken off my bonnet, Monsieur Chapelain," the visitor replied. The bonnet was no sooner removed than he clasped his hands with a tragic exclamation of dismay—"Quel malheur! Mademoiselle's hair, of which she had such superb abundance—that exquisite—that matchless chevelure d'ores!"

"Not matchless' in the literal sense of the word, I trust," said Lady Gertrude, interrupting his lamentations with a smile; "or I shall be disappointed in the object of my visit. I have not lost it at all, as you see, though the fever has thinned it terribly," she continued, removing her comb, "and if you can procure me a plait, or a few curls, to add to it, I think the deficiency will hardly be perceived."

"It is a most fortunate chance that you should have applied to me just now, Mademoiselle," returned the hairdresser. "A few weeks earlier, or later, I might have had to look half over France for so long a tress of hair of that shade, being so rare. As it is, I happen to have it, literally, within reach of my hand."

Opening one of a set of drawers which lined one side of the room, he took out a cardboard box, and, removing some folds of tissue paper, drew out the contents. Lady Gertrude uttered an exclamation of delighted surprise as he displayed a long, thick tress of hair, so exactly like her own in color and texture, that when the two were mingled it was hardly possible to distinguish the real from the false.

Mademoiselle herself can scarcely tell which is her own, said M. Chapelain, triumphantly, as he adroitly twisted a lock of each into a coil, and wound it round her head.

"It is indeed a wonderful match," assented Lady Gertrude as she turned from the mirror, "though this hair is, I think, brighter and softer than mine. It is lovely! The wonder is, how any woman could bring herself to part with it. Would it be an indiscretion to ask from whom you bought it?"

"Not at all, Mademoiselle. I will tell you with pleasure how it came into my hands, it is quite a romantic story. About a month ago, when one of my agents was in Normandy, making purchases, he found himself one day at the little out-of-the-way country town of St. Medot. After transacting the business which had brought him there, he discovered that he had an hour to spare before the diligence started, and strolled into the quaint, old church overlooking the market-place. It was market-day, and the church was dotted with peasant women, who came to say a prayer or two before they trudged home with their empty baskets and great red umbrellas. At one of the side-altars, in a dark and solitary corner, a young peasant girl was kneeling alone. Her face was turned from him, but a large golden curl had escaped from beneath her coiffe, and hung almost to her waist. It looked, he declared, 'like sunbeams meshed in silk,' and he said to himself, as he told me afterwards, 'I must have that hair, if I pay its weight in gold.' The girl was humbly clad, but there was something refined and delicate in her appearance, and when he approached so that he could see her face, he was struck by its beauty no less than by its look of grief. The tears were streaming from her eyes, her hands were clasped in an agony of supplication, and her lips in silent prayer. Feeling that he had no right to watch her, he left the church, and waited in the porch outside. Presently she came out, made her way across the crowded market-place, passing wistfully at several stalls, but buying nothing and turned into a narrow street. There he ventured to accost her. At first she was startled, and seemed hardly to comprehend him; but when she understood his proposal, and heard the terms he offered, her face suddenly lighted up with a look of joyful astonishment. She accepted his offer almost instantly, and led the way to a little shop kept by an acquaintance of hers, close at hand, where the bargain was concluded. Half an hour after she left my agent had the tress, and the following week the hair was in my hands."

"And is that all you know of her?" asked the young lady, in a tone of disappointment. "Did he not even tell you her name?"

"Mais, oui; it was Gabrielle—Gabrielle—ia! I have forgotten it."

"Poor girl—poor child," murmured Lady Gertrude, thoughtfully drawing one of the long silken locks through her fingers. "I wish I knew more about her, I might assist her perhaps. She must have been hard pressed by poverty to part with this."

"No doubt she is quite as well without it," remarked the hair dresser philosophically, as he refreshed himself with a pinch of snuff. "Beauty, to persons in her condition, is a superfluity!"

"But Nature is an arrant democrat, you see," returned Lady Gertrude, coming out of her reverie with a smile, "and bestows her gifts impartially on peasants and peeresses. As I shall want the hair this even ing, I will take it with me," she added, rising. "You will let me know, shortly, what I am indebted to you," and before Monsieur Chapelain recovered the perpendicular after his parting bow, his visitor had disappeared.

Two hours later, Lady Gertrude was sitting enthroned before her looking glass, under the hands of her maid, whose fingers were busy with her hair, while on the dressing table stood the cardboard box, the contents of which had not yet been called into service.

Presently she opened it and took out the hair, and with an absent, thoughtful look, began smoothing and caressing the long, shining locks, which still retained their natural curl, and twined round her fingers like living things.

Her mind dwelt, with a persistency at once painful, on the thought of this unknown girl, whose beauty had been, as it were, sacrificed to her own, against her will she seemed forced to think of her, to try to picture her face, to conjecture her sorrowful story.

"Had she a father,
Had she a mother?
Was there a nearer one
Yet than all other?"

—moments when she had loved to caress these soft, perfumed tresses? The thought called up in Lady Gertrude's mind certain memories of her own which brought the rose color to her cheeks and a happy light to her eyes. Her heart expanded with thankfulness as she thought how rich she was in every thing which makes life desirable to a woman, youth, beauty, wealth, love—all were hers. She longed to give out of the bountiful stores of her own happiness to all who needed, and to her tender nature it seemed that this unknown girl had a special claim upon her.

At length her reverie was interrupted by her maid. "I am ready for the hair, now, if you please, Lady Gertrude."

Her mistress handed it to her, and watched, with some interest, the reflection of her busy fingers while she deftly coiled, pinned it on, and brought a thick curl round towards the front.

"There will be enough for two or three thick plaits," the maid was beginning, when she broke off with a cry of alarm, as her mistress, with a sudden violent shud der, sank back in the chair, her face as white as her dressing gown.

"What is it, my lady? You are faint!"

"Not faint—exactly," she answered slowly, passing her hand over her forehead. "It is—I hardly know how to describe it—a sudden chill, as if a breath of cold air had passed over me. She shivered again as she spoke.

"I will fetch a glass of wine," the maid said, hastily leaving the room.

Gertrude pressed her hand to her eyes, and drew a deep breath. The sensation of cold was gone, but it had left behind it a vague uneasiness; a curious sense of oppression, mental and bodily, which she tried in vain to shake off.

"What has come to me? Am I be witched?" she muttered, with a half nervous laugh, as she passed her hands and temples with eau de cologne. Then, resting her elbow on the dressing table, and supporting her chin on her hand, she fell to looking absently at her own reflection in the mirror—the fair, pale face, with its borrowed crown of sun bright hair.

Suddenly the same thrilling sensation of cold crept over her again, then—what was it that brought that Poem book of Aytoun to her eyes? It was no longer her own face which the glass reflected.

The face which looked back at her now was that of a stranger, a girl of seventeen, with delicate wasted features, and dark, grey blue eyes. She wore the high white coiffe of the Normandy peasant women, and on the forehead rested a short curled fringe of tawny golden hair. The face was a waxen pallor the lips were set and rigid, every feature had the seal of death upon it except the eyes, and they were fixed on Gertrude with a look which held her spell bound—a look of dumb, agonized entreaty.

Only for one breathless moment did the vision last, then the glass gave back her own terrified face once more.

With a stifled cry she rose and hurried across the room to the window, which looked out on the Rue de Rivoli. She threw it open, and sank into a chair, lifting her forehead to the breeze. In the street below all was life and movement, carriages whirling to and fro, equestrians returning from the Bois, a band playing in the Tuileries Gardens opposite, the gay careless round of Parisian life going on as usual. This glimpse of the familiar outside world, in all its vivid reality, went far to dispel the supernatural fear which had taken possession of her, and she half succeeded in persuading herself that the startling vision had been conjured up by her own imagination.

It was an ocular illusion, she thought; I had just been trying to picture this girl, and I succeeded so well as to deceive even myself."

A feeling of nervous uneasiness still clung to her, however, and she was glad when the maid re appeared.

"I am much better now," she returned, in answer to the latter's inquiries. "Make haste and finish, I shall be late for dinner."

In the meantime, two gentlemen were awaiting her in the drawing room below. Her father, the Earl of Hawdon (her only surviving parent), and her fiance, Sir Frederick Carew. The former, after consulting his watch for the fifth time in as many minutes, turned with despairing resignation to his companion.

"Reginald, dear Frederick, is a virtue which never rusts from disuse so long as a man is blest with a single specimen of womankind."

Sir Frederick laughed. "Here she is at last," he said.

Lady Gertrude was dressed for the reception at the Embassy, to which they were bound after dinner; her first appearance in society since her illness. Her dress was beautiful Something white and silvery gleamed through something white and cloudy; here and there nestled a sprig of stephanotis, the same flower clung in the folds of her hair, which was coiled round her head and twisted into a superb golden coronet above her forehead.

"Dare I touch you?" questioned Sir Frederick, stopping at arm's length from her. "Are you real? There is a visionary look about you to-night suggestive of mist and moonlight! Your hair is a triumph! How could you tell me Gertrude, that you had lost it all?"

"I did not say all," she replied, turning her head with a slightly embarrassed smile, and at her share, which was regarding her elaborate coiffure through his eyeglass with a look of affected stupefaction

"But while you are admiring my hair, papa is starving. Come," she added, taking Sir Frederick's proffered arm; and they passed into the dining-room.

Society was lavish in its welcome that night to Lady Gertrude Vansittart, who—sitting in a fauteuil with quite a little court of friends and admirers about her, and Sir Frederick in attendance—received its compliments with an air of listlessness that was unusual to her, and to more than one speech returned a hap hazard reply.

"I fear that is rather a bold step for you," Sir Frederick whispered at length. "Shall we go through the small salon into the winter garden? It will be cool and quiet there."

"Yes," she whispered back, and rising, let us go."

The small salon was the last of the splendid suite of rooms, and was more quietly lighted and soberly furnished than the rest. The group of persons now assembled in it seemed to harmonize with the subdued surroundings

A few clever looking, plainly dressed women, and thoughtful, large-browed men, were gathered round an ottoman in the centre of the room, where sat a sprightly little elderly lady with white hair and black, bead like eyes, sparkling with animation. She was talking rapidly and vivaciously in French, pausing now and then to speak in German to a heavy-bearded, uncouth looking personage at her side.

As Gertrude and her companion entered, the little lady broke off with an exclamation of pleasure.

"Now," she cried, "here comes an ally!" taking Gertrude's hands with effusion "Ma toute belle, I am always delighted to see you, as you know, but I am particularly charmed at this moment, when you come to save me from ignominious defeat. You have seen Marie Duffos, the chairvoyante, of whom all the town is talking. You have attended her seances. Very good. Now, my child, do convince these good people that you may be believer in chairvoyance, and yet not be an absolute fool."

"But, Duchesse, I am not sure that I am a believer myself," she answered smiling, "and in any case, you surely do not need my feeble support. The proof will be determined in on, and brought a thick comfort towards the front.

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Only for one breathless moment did the vision last, then the glass gave back her own terrified face once more.

With a stifled cry she rose and hurried across the room to the window, which looked out on the Rue de Rivoli She threw it open, and sank into a chair, lifting her forehead to the breeze In the street below all was life and movement, carriages whirling to and fro, equestrians returning from the Bois, a band playing in the Tuileries Gardens opposite, the gay careless round of Parisian life going on as usual. This glimpse of the familiar outside world, in all its vivid reality, went far to dispel the supernatural fear which had taken possession of her, and she half succeeded in persuading herself that the startling vision had been conjured up by her own imagination.

It was an ocular illusion, she thought; I had just been trying to picture this girl, and I succeeded so well as to deceive even myself."

A feeling of nervous uneasiness still clung to her, however, and she was glad when the maid re appeared.

"I am much better now," she returned, in answer to the latter's inquiries. "Make haste and finish, I shall be late for dinner."

In the meantime, two gentlemen were awaiting her in the drawing room below Her father, the Earl of Hawdon (her only surviving parent), and her fiance, Sir Frederick Carew. The former, after consulting his watch for the fifth time in as

"but not difficult to account for. The Professor, would, no doubt, tell you that wearing this unknown girl's hair had placed you en rapport with her, and that some powerful sympathy drew her to your spirit to you, and enabled it to take corporeal shape before your eyes. Not belonging to the Hartmann school, I prefer to consider it merely as an ocular illusion, produced by an excited imagination acting on an enfeebled body."

"But if you know how like reality the illusion was! I can see her face now; that look of passionate entreaty haunts me like a reproach. However, I will think no more of it," she broke off; "it is an 'uncanny' subject. I feel quite out of tune for society to-night. I wonder whether the carriage has come? If so I should like to go home."

"I will inquire," he answered, rising.

"Are you going to leave me?" she asked, nervously.

"My dear, I shall be back in a moment. You would rather wait here than in the crowded rooms, would you not?"

"Don't be long," she urged, looking round with a curious shiver. He gazed at her with anxious tenderness, drew her bernouse closer about her shoulders, and left the conservatory.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## CHAT FOR THE LADIES.

Mrs. Sarah E. Porter, a school teacher, is a candidate for State Librarian in Iowa.

A Chicago man, N. Y. young lady has a pair of mittens made from the skin of a pet cat.

It costs the women of America $6,000,000 per year to keep their faces painted, and then they want good clothes besides.

Girls who are not handsome hate those who are, while those who are handsome hate one another. Which class has the best of it?

Mrs. Sanford, of Gaston county, N. C., had one baby in 1874, two in 1875, triplets in 1876, and 1877 is yet to be heard from.

At a Women's Congress in Cleveland a paper was read on "What is money?" The cry of the average woman, however, is "Where is the money?"

Nearly 800 working girls have been provided with employment by the Working Woman's Home in Detroit since its establishment a short time ago.

When Cleopatra's hair began to turn gray, she used to stand before the looking glass with a bottle in one hand and a hair brush in the other, and sing, "I am dyeing, dyeing, dyeing."

Queen Victoria's crown is composed of 1,363 brilliant diamonds, 1,273 rose diamonds and 147 table diamonds, one large ruby, 17 sapphires, 11 emeralds, 4 small pulses and 227 pearls, all set in silver and gold.

There is scarcely any native singer of renown who has not served an apprentice ship in choir singing. The list includes Miss Kellogg, Miss Carey, Miss Adelaide Phillips, Miss Hauk, Miss Thursby and many others less distinguished.

"Suppose we pass a law," said a severe father to his daughters, "that no girl in paris old, who cannot cook a meal, shall get married till she learns how to do it?"

Why, then we'd all get married at 17," responded the girls, with one shout.

The wedding dress of Maria de las Mercedes, future Queen of Spain, has already been ordered, and the feminine portion of the court, known as ladies of the bed chamber, is to be of white satin, entirely covered with Alencon point, lace on which will be placed four trains of white velvet, the ends of which Spain was formerly divided. This recalls the dress of Queen Adelaide, of England, which was a pretty piece of imagination—it was embroidered with flowers, the initials of which formed her name

All women play cards alike. Watch a woman at a game of whist and you'll get a pretty correct idea of how all woman folk play. "La me, Henry, is it my play? Let me see—second hand low—that's the first time round for that suit, ain't it? well, I'll play—no, I hardly think I will—now you stop looking at my hand—did you see anything"—of course I'm going to play but I must have time to think—what's trumps—spades? I thought 'twas clubs—well, I'll—no—yes—well there!" Then she will clap an ace on her partner's king, and insist upon keeping the trick for fear she will be cheated out of it in the final count.

## SANDS OF GOLD.

CIVILITY is always safe, but pride creates enemies.

BETTER break thy word than do worse in keeping it.

MANY consider as truth what is merely error sanctified by age.

ALWAYS leave home with loving words, for they may be the last.

IF ONE has servants that will do their duty, and those who have them usually do, they are more than many, half thou served many, tell it not to any.

THE true secret of living at peace with all the world is to have an humble opinion of ourselves.

THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl; the gravest fish is an oyster; and the gravest man is no wit at all.

FLATTERY corrupts both the receiver and the giver, and adulation is not of more service to the people than to kings.

THE beautiful is more than a million times of more avail, as securing domestic happiness than the beautiful in person.

IT is a Spanish maxim that "he that loseth wealth, loseth much; he who loseth friend, loseth more, but he who loseth his spirits, loseth all." So keep up your spirits, and a good heart.

WHEN thou forgivest, the man who has pierced thy heart stands to thee in the relation of the sea worm that perforates the shell of the mussel, which straightway closes the wound with a pearl.

IDLENESS is the Dead Sea that swallows up all virtues, and the self-made sepulchre of a living man. The idle man is the devil's urchin, whose livery is rags, and whose diet and wages are famine and disease.

TRUE politeness consists not merely in a strict adherence to forms of ceremony: it is in exquisite observance of the feelings of others, and an invariable respect for those feelings. By this definition it claims all-pervasive influence, and may sometimes be found as genuine in the cottage as the court.

## BOOK OF ORIGINS.

### ORIGIN OF PHRASES—THE ETYMOLOGY OF WORDS—REMARKABLE OLD SAYINGS—QUAINT EXPRESSIONS PECULIAR TO ALL AGES AND NATIONS.

BY JAMES REDE.

"In primus homines est proprie et perfecte ridere quod est risibile."
CICERO.

The searching out and thorough investigation of truth, is the first, the primary study of man."

## P.

[CONTINUED.]

PAS A PAS[OVER].

The Passover is a solemn feast of the Jews, instituted in commemoration of their coming out of Egypt; because the night before their departure, the destroying angel, who put to death the first born of the Egyptians, *passed over* the houses of the Hebrews without entering them; they being marked with the blood of the lamb that was killed the evening before, and which feast the reason is called the Paschal Lamb, Exodus xii. See also Matthew xxvi, 17, etc. Passover was typically predictive of Christ.

PASS THE RUBICON.

The Rubicon is a small river, which formerly parted France and Italy. "To pass the Rubicon," is often used to signify engaging in anything in an irrevocable manner. The expression has reference to the case of Cæsar, who passed the Rubicon to march against the Senate on his return from Gaul, (France) in the 49th year before Christ, after that body had refused him the Consulship.

PATER NOSTER, "OUR FATHER."

The commencing words of the Latin version of the Lords Prayer.

PATIENCE.

"I have stanad." To make one cry Pecavi!, to compel him to acknowledge his transgressions. To cry Pecavi is to acknowledge one's self in the wrong.

PELL MELL.

"Never yet did insurrection want
Such speedy leggers as flying for a time
Of pell-mell havoc and confusion."
—Third Part Henry VI., a. II: sc. 5.

This word is derived from the French pele mele, and is generally regarded as a compound.

PEN.

The art of writing is most ancient. The account of its origin is lost in the distance of time. The pen, of course, must be of equal antiquity. Moses, we are told, received the two tables of the covenant on Mount Sinai, written with the finger of God, and before that Moses himself was not ignorant of the use of letters. (Ex. xxiv. 4, xvii 14). The materials and instruments with which writing was performed, were in comparison with paper, ink and paper, extremely rude and unwieldy. One of the earliest methods was to cut the letters on a tablet of stone. Another was to trace them on unbaked tiles, or bricks, which were afterwards thoroughly burned with fire, When the writing was wanted to be more durable, lead, or brass were employed. Tablets of wood were most convenient. Such was the writing table which Zacharias used (Luke i. 63). In some countries it was common to cover these with wax, on which the letters could be easily written, and, if necessary, blotted out again. The instrument employed for making the letters on these *tablets*, or *tabics*, was a small pointed piece of iron, or some other hard substance, called *Stylus*, Latin, or Style; hence a man's manner of composition was figuratively, termed his style of writing. And this use of the word, still continues, though the other has long since passed away.

Pens made of quills were in use in the 8th century. The oldest certain account however, known at present, is that of Isidore, that quills, is a passage of Isidore, who died in 636, and who among the instruments employed for writing mentions "reeds and feathers." In the same century a small poem was written on—A Pen, which is to be found in the works of Athelmus. He died in 709.

There is perhaps, as far as our knowledge extends, more poetry than truth, in the following

ORIGIN OF THE PEN:

"Love begg'd and pray'd old Time to stay,
While he and Psyche toy'd together;
Love held his wings, Time took away,
But in the scuffle dropt a feather.

Love secured the prize, and with his dart
Adroitly worked to trim and shape it,
"O, Psyche! though 'tis pain to part,
This charm shall make us all escape it.

Time need not fear to fly too slow.
When he this useful loss discovers;
A pen's the only pinion I know,
That wings her pace for absent lovers."

PENTECOST.

Pentecost is a festival of the Jews, so called because it was celebrated fifty days after the feast of the Passover. Lev. xxiii, 15. It is called the feast of weeks, Exodus xxxiv, 22, because it was kept seven weeks after the Passover.

PETER PENCE.

A levy of one penny to the Pope on every chimney that smoked—so called hearth-penny—smoke-penny, etc., granted by Ina or Arthelulph.

PETITE MAITRES.

The appellation of petit-maitre is given to a certain set of young men of the court, who take the lead of the rest, and affect a superiority by their free and behavior. Their origin is very ancient. I believe they are derived from those heroes who, that kings and princes need to keep near their persons to serve them in dangerous emergencies. Such were formerly the nightly guard of Israel, and those whom David entertained at his court, and in his armies, and of whom so many wonders are recorded in history.

"These heroes have kept up their credit, or sunk, according to the inclinations of the princes whom they served, and to whom they were obliged to conform themselves. Under Rehoboam, the son of Solomon, they were more young gallants than heroes, and gave a fatal counsel to that prince. By listening to them he had the mortification to see his kingdom divided, and ten tribes revolt before his face to his enemy and his rival.

"The Greeks had heroes of this kind, who served them on great occasions without hesitation. Alexander the Great had some who partook both of his dangers and his amusements. The Romans also had them; but their use was strangely perverted under Nero, and it was in his school that a new species of petit-maitre was formed, who distinguished themselves by their follies and extravagancies.

"In France we have seen nothing of the same kind till the reign of Francis I, and that children. Henry II. followed the petite maitres into great credit. They were the minions of that corrupted court. The Duke of Guise called the King of Navarre his petit-maitre. After this we heard no more of petite-maitres till under the Cardinal Richelieu, who retained in his service a certain number of resolute persons whom he employed in the execution of his designs.—Without those memoirs we have, we can tell of them. The Princes de Conde had some of these petite-maitres, who were greatly distinguished for their courage.

"Those of the present day, whether brave or not, are the slaves of their oaths, rash and violent young men, who judge prestigiately, alter the fashions, and assume the privilege of fixing the value and merit of everything and of giving novelty to those pleasures which in reality they destroy."

The above extract is very serious, as it gives the true sense of an appellation which is frequently misunderstood in this country.

PEWS—ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF.

In Anglo-Saxon and some Northern churches of early date, a stone bench was made to project within the wall, running round the whole interior, except the eastern end. In 1619 they are represented as sitting on the ground, or standing. About this time the people introduced low, plain, three-legged stools, promiscuously over the church. Wooden seats were introduced soon after the Norman conquest. In 1077 a decree was issued in regard to the wrangling for seats, so common that none could call any seat in church his own, except noblemen and patrons, each entering and holding the one he first seized. As we approach the Reformation, from 1330 to 1546, seats were more appropriate—the entrance being guarded by cross bars, and the initial engraved on them. Immediately after the Reformation, the pew system prevailed; as we learn from a complaint the Puritan Commons addressed to Henry VIII., in 1546, in reference to them that a Bible should be in every church, at liberty for all to read, because they feared it might be taken into the "aisles," or "main pue." In 1608 galleries were introduced. As early as 1611 pews were arranged to afford comfort by being baized or cushioned, while the sides around were so high as to hide those within—a device of the Puritans to avoid being seen by the officers who reported those who did not stand when the name of Jesus was mentioned. With the reign of Charles I, the reasons for hanging the same disappeared, and from the civil war they declined gradually to their present height.

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There is more real philosophy in the ancient paragraph, which we find in Wollaston's Religion of Nature, than is to be found in all the theological works put together. "If a good man be passing by an infirm bedridden, just in the act of failing, can it be expected, that God should suspend the force of gravitation till he has got us by, in order to his deliverance?"

PIC-NIC.

This word is in almost every person's mouth, and we confess to some curiosity about its origin. Richardson gives it no place; Walker makes no mention of it; Johnson is silent about it, and the new and revised edition of Webster throws this light upon it and no more. "Originally, an entertainment at which each person contributed some dish or article for the general table. The term is now applied to an entertainment carried with them by a party on an excursion of pleasure into the country, and also to the party itself."

The word is German. Pickenick, signifying an entertainment at which every guest pays his own scot, or furnishes his own provision. The etymology of it is "pick and wink.

PIG IN A POKE.

This phrase has a very obscure origin; it is no doubt taken from the French phrase *Achetar chat en poche*," "to buy a cat in a bag." Poke, or pouch is a bag or a sack—hence "to buy a pig in a poke." to a blind bargain. Buying a thing unseen, or in bad conditions of the works of English writers, we find the word Poke invariably used to signify sack, or bag. As thus

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PILE.

The meaning of this word conveys to the reader the origin of the phrase, "Cross and Pile," Pile—a mass, heap, accumulation, etc. Still there is another meaning attached to it, from which arises the phrase—"cross" may have been taken. Pile, according to Halliwell, in his Provincial Dictionary, was "the side of a coin having no cross." From this coin originated the game, "Cross and Pile," which in return gave birth to that of "Heads and Tails."

PILGRIMAGE—ORIGINAL MEANING OF.

The form of consecrating a person for a pilgrimage, in what is are called the middle ages, was as follows—The pilgrim elect, after confession, lay prostrate at the altar, while an appropriate mass was performed. After this he arose, and the priest consecrated his scrip and staff. The former of these was next sprinkled with holy water, and hung around the pilgrim's neck, accompanying the ceremony with certain prayers; the latter was also done with his staff. The whole concluded with the mass *de ite per missa est*. To pilgrimages to the Holy Land, a cross must be delivered marked with a cross: both cross and garment having been previously consecrated.

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PLANET STRICK.

This phrase appears to have been formerly in use for any sudden affection or disease not known by any familiar appellation,as Florio says, "A blasting or planet-stricken." How the Paralytic has obviated the necessity of using a vulgarism.

According to Markham, horses are said to be planet struck when there is a sudden shock of feeling or motion; not stirring any of the members, but that they remain in the same form as when the beast was first struck.

PLAIN AS A PIKESTAFF.

The origin of this phrase, is rather obscure Before the bagnet was known, and when pikes, or spears, from twelve to fifteen feet long, were used in ancient times by infantry of

## GRANDMAMMA LEILAND'S THANKSGIVING.

BY AUNT SUSAN.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

The sun was throwing a glamor of gold through the silver tissue, direct from the loom of that world-renowned artist, Jack Frost, that draped the windows of the snug little chamber in which our little girls were sleeping, before they awakened from the refreshing slumbers of the night, to hear Frank's voice at the door, calling:

"Get up, get up, you lazy girls! Grandmamma is waiting breakfast for you, and I am as hungry as a wolf! Come, hurry! hurry!" And the clatter of the boy's bootees sounded along the passage.

"There goes the bell again," said Dolly, and the tongues ceased their clamor in the haste of dressing. They were not long in making their appearance at the well-spread breakfast table, where grandmamma presiding at the coffee urn, filled their pretty china cups with its fragrant contents. The repast was soon over, and once more the happy party clustered around the fire in the old-fashioned parlor.

"Dear children," said grandmamma Leiland, "you know I expect visitors to-day, and have invited your hero expressly to help entertain them. Our dinner will be served at two o'clock. There are some hours before that time, that you can dispose of as you please."

The time passed so rapidly away that the children were surprised when they were called in to prepare for the grand dinner, and by the time they were ready to receive them, the parlors were crowded with guests.

These guests consisted of all the poor children in the village; for it was a whim of grandmamma Leiland's that these little ones, who had no dinner spread for them at home on Thanksgiving Day, should partake of one at her hospitable house.

After the departure of the guests, and a slight supper had been served, grandmamma seated herself in the rocking-chair in her accustomed corner, the children gathering closely around, eager to hear the continuation of her story.

"You remember," she said kindly began, "that I told you we started from Auntie's house in a snow-storm for home with father. Well, the carriage that he brought with him from the mill, was an old one, used there for going on errands. It was one of the kind called a dearborn, having a shallow body, with curtains buttoned closely around it. It was in consequence of this that father had removed the seats, and placed the children, all wrapped up, on a carpet which Auntie had spread over the bottom of the carriage. Tiney and myself were stowed in the back part, where the child was asleep, and it was the most sheltered place for him; besides, father thought it would be safer for me than the younger children on account of the curtain coming so low down.

"The air was thick with the falling snow, obscuring the sight of the surrounding country, and the old ruts were all covered up. The snow had drifted in banks all along the road, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the horse could be made to pass through it, but in places where the road was comparatively bare, he would start off with a jerk, as if intent on reaching a shelter as soon as possible.

"Under these circumstances the progress was not very rapid, and I found it unsatisfactory. The children, warm in their many wraps, were all fast asleep, and it required all father's attention to keep in the road, and to drive the refractory horse. Occasionally he would call to me, asking if the curtain was safe, and I remember, the last time I heard him, his voice fell strangely upon my ear, like a far-off sound. I think I must have been falling asleep at the time, although he told me afterwards that I answered him in a loud voice. I never could account in any other way for the terrible event that followed, unless it was that in sleeping, I unconsciously pressed with a dead weight against the treacherous curtain for it was afterwards found torn from its fastenings; but at any rate I was rudely awakened by a sudden jar to find myself sitting in the road with Tiney still in my arms, the wagon going on as if nothing had happened, and almost out of sight.

"Had it not been for the white snow, the night would have been intensely dark. Tiney was awake by this time, and began to murmur in a faint voice, as his presence was when first aroused from sleep. I was dreadfully frightened, for the wind, now that we were unsheltered, seemed to penetrate entirely through us. I wrapped up Tiney the best I could, feet and all, in my cloak, despite his struggles, retaining for myself a shawl that Auntie had given me. It was folded up in my lap, and fortunately fell out of the wagon with us.

"The first effort I made, after that, was to rise from the ground, hoping to be able to walk home, as I knew the distance could not be very great, but everything looked very strange to me. I could not for my life have told where I was. There was no light from any house shining near, and nothing by which I could tell the direction to take to get home again.

"Knowing that some effort must be made, I, still clinging to Tiney, staggered forward, when, after taking a few steps, my foot went down into a hollow, and the next moment I found myself falling down, down, where I did not know, with the child still clasped tightly in my arms.

"At last we rested on the bottom of the declivity. My face and hands were torn and bleeding, and some sharp substance had penetrated my boot, inflicting a wound upon my foot that gave me intense pain.

"Tiney did not stir, and only that he felt warm, I should have thought the fall had killed him. But upon examination I found him breathing regularly and fast asleep.

"I extended my arms around me, to see if I could discover the nature of the place in which we were lying. I knew we could not have fallen down one of the rocky ravines below the road, or we certainly should have perished at once. No, it was, I thought, a smaller cavity partially filled with snow.

"Encumbered as I was with the child, I knew it was next to an impossibility to escape from our perilous situation; still I did not relinquish all hope, until I found that my injured foot had become entirely useless. Therefore, arranging the shawl so that Tiney and myself would be held together in its folds, hoping that the warmth of my body would give more comfort to the child so pathetically entrusted to my care, I made up my mind to wait. I knew as soon as father reached home, and our absence was discovered, immediate search would be made for us.

"As I sat there in the darkness, with the snow driving down upon us, everything that happened to me in my short life seemed spread out like a map before me. The fearful scene of my mother's death, with the promise I had made to her to be obedient to my father in all things, as he knew best what was good for me, my happiness as the little housekeeper, the advent of my step-mother, these three events glowed like points of living fire in my memory of the past.

"As my thoughts roved on, becoming more and more confused, a sensation of drowsiness crept upon me, and then I thought my mother, my own angel mother, hovered over me with extended arms. Lights flashed through the air, myriads of diamonds fell glittering around me, and I rested sleeping on my mother's breast.

"For many weeks after this eventful night, I lay in my bed, sick almost unto death with brain fever. When I awoke to consciousness, my gentle, loving step-mother was the first to greet me. But it was a long time before I was told how they found us, after a weary search, in a deep hollow, almost buried in the snow. We were both insensible, but Tiney soon recovered; for, owing to my care of him, he was swathed in warm folds like a little mummy! I—well, every hair in my head was as white as the snow that covered us; but the fever took them all away, and gave me in their place a head full of nut-brown curls. And now, my darlings, shall I tell you what I found in that terrible place? A new heart full of love, first for our Heavenly Father, whose watchful eye never lost sight of us in our great trial, and next, for my father's loving family, who never ceased in their attentions to the little suffering sister, who, in consequence of her exposure on that inclement night, remained for many years an invalid.

"When grandmamma Leiland finished her story it was long past the hour of bed-time. With many thanks and kisses, the children sought their pillows, to sleep away soundly until the dawning of another day.

THE END.


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## TWO OLD POETS.

RELIGIOUS VERSES FROM TWO DISTINCTLY RELIGIOUS SECTIONS.

Two stately sonnets, a pair of ancient date, have been found in the Berkshire hills. They are written neat [illegible] with rough thirteen and fourteen years of age, and have been given to the newspaper recently called "Berkshire." Here they have grown old in the garret, and there they were since they lashed, almost. Their very time slowly but no many years to have, though they somehow instinctively felt that they were worthy of preservation. The first from children, the second from the Methodist hymn with grown folks. Charles Dudley Warner.

### ON A MORNING GOD'S MERCY SENT

When June was bright and roses fair,
And lovely trees about her stood,
When sunshine sunshine filled the air
And flowers bloomed through their verdant wood,
There, in its cradle and silent rest,
A tiny pair had made their nest.

And when July, with scorching heat,
Had dried the brooks and grass to hay,
And piled in stacks about the field
Or lingered in the leaf to dry,
Within the nest so softly made,
Two tiny, unfledged birds were laid.

But when October's ripened fruit
Had been the very ripe-ripe down,
And daintily flowers had dressed their trees,
And stately forests lost their brows,
Their brood was hatched and reared and flown.

The summer nest was left alone.

And now the little are cold and white,
The sword from the nestle's bough;
We gave speech a tit delight,
Where are its roaming builders now?
For in the nestly built they rest,
And leave to us their brethren home.

### Alone or home.

Soft on the sunset sky
Bright as bright stones,
Like gold from which the gold is dry,
Pale hues that mingling lie—
Ashes of roses.

When love's warm sun is set,
Love's brightness closing,
Eyes we best cannot see,
If hearts there linger yet,
Ashes of roses.

## OUR FASHION CHAT.

There is a glimmering of the approaching Christmas everywhere, for in letters of gorgeous dress and coloring, one sees on all sides that a well-known and well-loved legend which is of "Christmas Holidays," which have such an irresistibly happy influence over old and young. Christmas is one of the milestones of the year which no sooner appears to be faintly discerning in the distance than its approaches which, and we eagerly hasten forward to meet it and linger around its happy influences, before wedding our footsteps over the boundary line of another year's journeying.

The coming of Christmas is visible more particularly in the shops than in the streets, for they are arrayed in all the infinite variety of exquisite articles which taste, art and skill can devise, and while so many fresh attractions and inventions are given to the pleasures of shopping, how fortunate, if by some magical influence, one's purse could be like that of "Fortunatus" equal to all the demands of the occasion. The busy crowds which throng our thoroughfares and shops just now all indicate the absorbing influence of preparing for the coming holidays—the time of gifts and happy festivities. It is the season for half dresses and evening costumes and as many demands are made on one's wardrobe for those occasions, a few hints may not be unwelcome if they help to solve some of the perplexing questions which arise.

The new materials for evening wear are of that texture which can be quite advantageously used in renovating old dresses, for a combination of materials is very much employed in evening toilettes. The handsome and gauzy materials drape well in folds and scarfs on a silk foundation, which is made in the long princesse shape.

Satin is very much used, either as the dress entire or as pippings mingling with damasse drapery, or crepe lace plaitings with which satin is arranged in folds and scarfs. Another material which is gaining great favor for evening toilettes is barege, ivory white being the most popular. It drapes in soft, graceful folds, and has a very pretty effect on silk or even itself as a foundation. For more expensive costumes there are rich brocaded velvets, and silks which are combined with plain silks or velvets; these are made with long plain trains in the back, and richly trimmed with a pleating of silk, or pointed or scalloped out and falling over a silk pleating. The fronts are trimmed that with bands of brocaded velvet or revers, and lace is laid on flat instead of full as formerly. The effect of these, as well as all long trains is enhanced by the flounced underskirt of muslin or lace, and aye use, as it adjusts itself with the dress to the movements of the wearer it is a suitable and pretty addition to all house dresses which one wears in the evening for the glimmer of white lace with which it is trimmed becoming and lightens up a dark costume.

The trimmings for evening dresses vary according to the taste and purse of the wearer. Quilling is much used, and much embroidery on gauze, which is laid in bands on the dress, or embroidery in chenille or silk on the dress itself. Fringe is always pretty and graceful and mingled as it is now with pearl beads or old gold, amber, olive or bone, with gaslight, the effect of brilliancy and richness is enhanced tenfold. Flowers are used in sprays and small clusters, but the trailing vines are more gracefully adjusted. A corsage bouquet is worn with all dresses, even those of black silk; with the square cut corsage it is worn on the left side, or if the corsage is high it is worn in the belt, or on one side of the revers or trimming on the front.

The corsage for evening dresses is generally cut square neck, on which folds are arranged to form a fichu fastened by a small bouquet on the left side. They are made with a round waist with which a belt is worn formed of folds of the material of the trimming. Buttons on the front, on the front with a bow and ends of ribbon, or with a fancy buckle. Another style was a pelerine forming the body of the dress cut round in front, in which case the belt begins at the seams under the arms, where it is wider than the front, narrowing down to the back which fastens it. The elbow corsage is also worn, but is cut shorter than formerly, so as not to wrinkle over the hips when the dress is seated, the edge has double plaiting of silk, or satin only. Long transparent sleeves of braided lace are worn with all costumes instead of silk sleeves, or if the latter are used they are either of demi-length with full ruching of lace and crepe lace, or of long pointed lace or other styles to be worn on the outside as cuffs, and forming also a collar. Black and white wide satin striped silk is combined with plain black silk with an effective result, the striped silk forming the fronts only, while the plain black silk forms the plain train mingled on the edge and showing a pleated ruffle of the striped silk underneath. The separate overskirt has been quite discarded, except for costumes for young girls, but its application is more effective in the gracefully arranged drapery which is formed on the skirt, and which is much prettier and more in much better than when separate. It has an additional recommendation in its economy, as any plain dress material will do for the under foundation, while since drapery is given to the choice of one's taste and skill in draping.

A costume I saw recently, which was very much admired, was made as follows: The skirt was of magnificent a Prince dress of white taffetas with short sleeves and long train, the lower edge trimmed with a deep quilling of the same material. A second dress worn over this is of white barege, it is made high at the back and open in front, in the style of a very long vest. This dress is trimmed round the edge of the train, fronts and neck with a fringe of silk intermixed with silver. The centre of the fronts is quilled with a row of puffings, slightly separated by silver fringe, the neck-bands is looped to the front are draped with the taffetas and fringe, the sleeves is a Zulva, a shape long, wide and open, trimmed with fringe to match the rest of the dress, these allow the arm to be seen, while the sleeve is not an unpleasant toilet, and suggests extremely good taste.

An extremely pretty demi toilet may be made of black silk and grenadine with, or perhaps the addition of a little lace, or one might have a black lace tunic to be worn according to taste over a black or colored silk skirt. The model we are about to speak of bears the same designation as that given to the sleeves we have just described, it is composed of Spanish lace, or else of tulle, forming a long train caught up to the vanity by a bow of black satin ribbon, quilling of black velvet, studded with satin bows, a plaited bodice, sailor collar in velvet, likewise the waistband above the basque. Another dress has real brown cashmere, with a band of fur in front, and there was a myrtle green costume with a tartan plastron. Dresses trimmed with fur are already extensively worn, there is a plastron of fur in front, but which only looks well on slim figures, the revers and cuffs are also fur.

At the French modistes many beautiful things are seen in the lingerie department. The made-up sets nearly all have deep cuffs that they be worn outside as cuffs, or else attached to sleeves and worn as under-sleeves. These are in the finest Torchon lace, both plain white and edged with a color, for morning and general wear, while more dressy ones are made of the new patterns of Valenciennes lace, the popular Duchesse point lace and the new church lace of Irish point. The last is very artistic and effective, but the Duchesse muslin cut out in designs and embroidered on the edge with buttonhole stitch, deep square collars, or else Breton fichus of the same muslin, are also worn with the broad cuffs. New cravat bows are leaves or tabs of Duchesse lace laid over a color, and trimmed with a full ruche of quilling ends of very narrow ribbon. Others are very prettily formed of fine small handkerchiefs folded double (with no cutting), and the trimmed corners are laid in flatly pressed plaits. Fichus of Valenciennes lace and of Paris muslin are very full and slender, with the muslin gathered closely at intervals, they are worn straight down to the edge of the basque, or else merely to the waist line. Neckties to be worn outside of winter cloaks, especially of fur cloaks, are squares of Paris muslin doubled in three-cornered shape, and edged with wide lace, either round point or Duchesse point. The breakfast caps are not changed in shape, but are more fully trimmed than formerly. Some have scarfs of plushette around them, while others are made of grenadine with plush like stripes. The Madras caps are of soft figured silks, and are trimmed with bright-colored ribbons, such as old gold with olive brown or with prune, vulred with pale blue, or moss green with pink.

I have promised myself the pleasure of devoting several of my chats to my readers, to the subject of all that is to be seen in our gaily decorated shops at present. I think I can lead my eyes quite a circle